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Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

JANUARY 1992 $2.50

Special 30th Anniversary Celebration of the Stupid and the Ridiculous

THE DUBIOUS ACHIEVEMENT AWARDS

From Tricky Dick to Long Dong Silver!

WHY IS THIS MAN STILL LAUGHING?

An answer at last, *page* 119

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[1] Based on R.L. Polk & Co., registration statistics. *Based on suggested retail price of $28,350 for the SVX with optional Touring Package and Rear Deck Spoiler. Does not include dealer preparation, inland transportation taxes, license and title fees. Dealer's actual price may vary. For additional information: 1-800-284-8584. See your participating dealer about the SVX Freedom Lease. © Subaru of America. 1991

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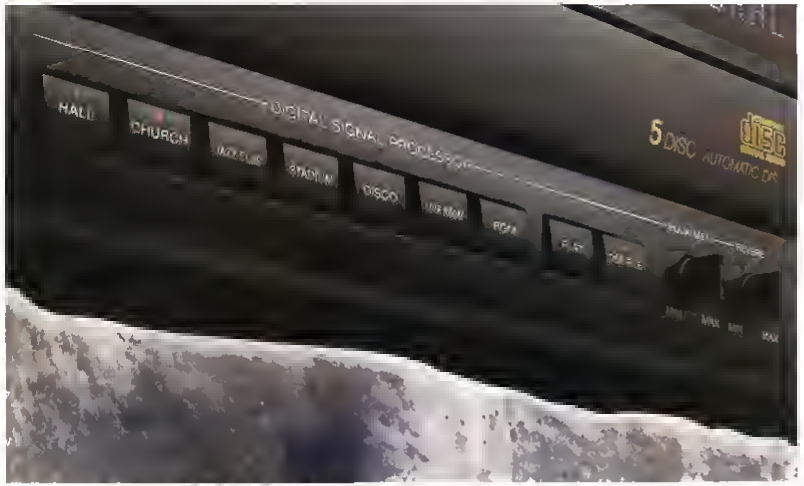

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JANUARY 1992 VOLUME 117 NO 1

FEATURES

Of mercenaries and shady dealings. Page 62

On the gridiron, no one can hear you scream. Page 70

ESQUIRE SPECIAL

DUBIOUS ACHIEVEMENT AWARDS OF 1991

Thirtieth Anniversary Celebration of the Stupid and the Ridiculous

TOE-LICKER RUNS WILD in dormitory! Bush showers with Millie! Cabbie finds six human heads in box! Pee-wee gets it off! Madonna ties it on! Clarence gets away with it! Woman found with 303-pound cyst! America bombs in Iraq! Soviet coup plotters get bombed! The Fig Newton turns one hundred! God is a man! Axl Rose provokes riot! Chuck Robb enjoys massage! Trump carries on as usual! Plus Journey back in time to relive Dubious's greatest—and most embarrassing—moments and to honor the most Dubious figure ever. The envelope, please Page 94

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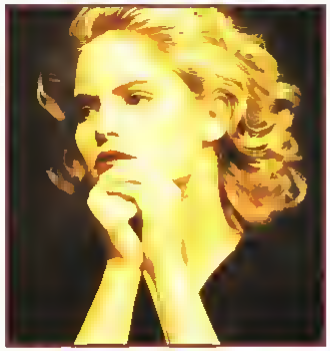
JANUARY 1992 VOLUME 117 NO 1

MAN AT HIS BEST



You've come a long way, baby: Jennifer Jason Leigh has gone from high school good girl to turncoat nare. Page 35

FASHION

Aerialist Vladimir Kehkaud and the importance of clothing that hangs properly. Page 88

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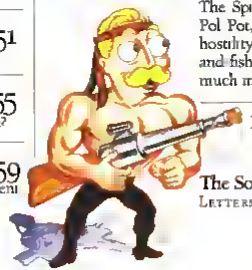


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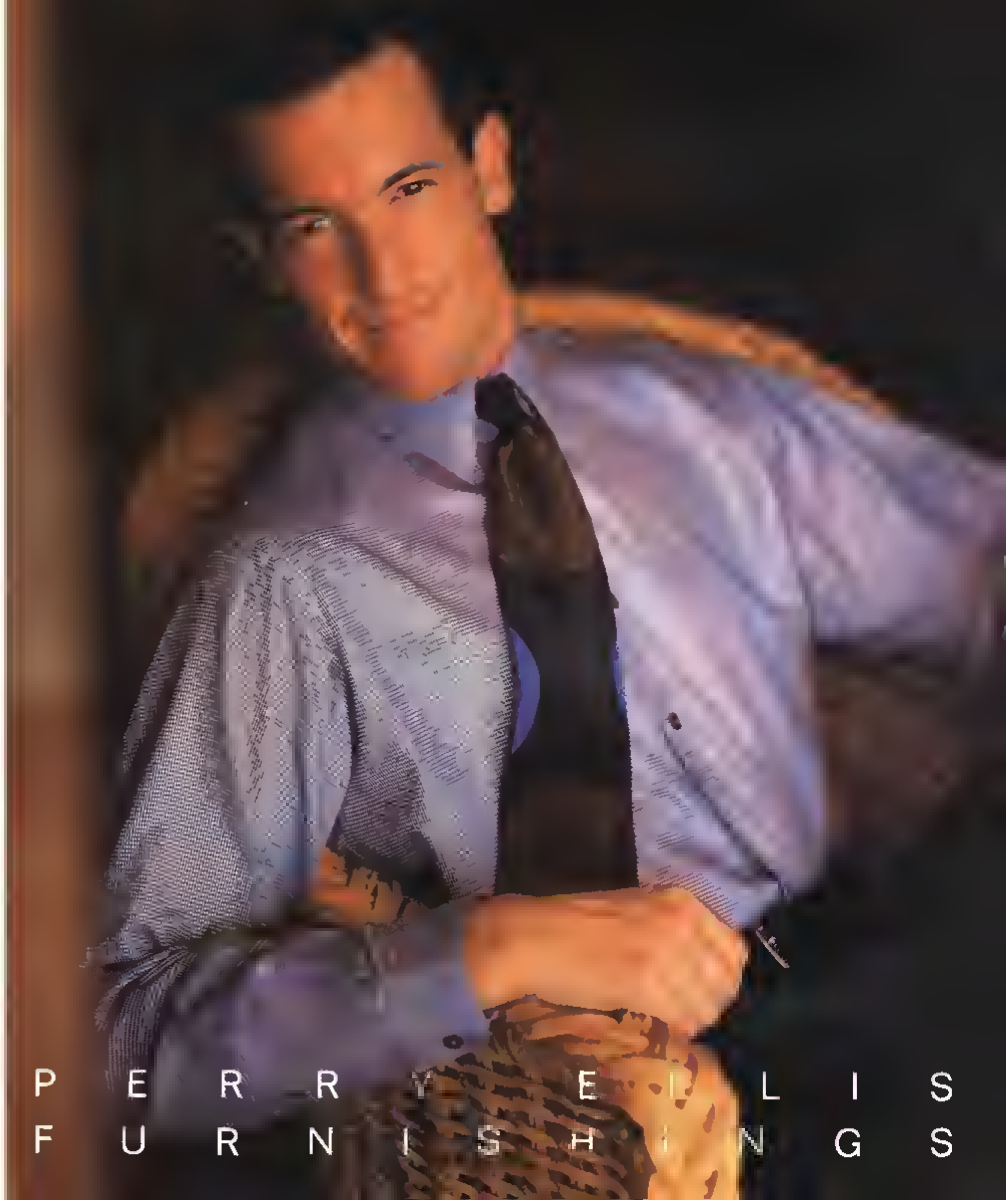

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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

IN 1961, ESQUIRE editors Robert Benton and David Newman were asked to think about what was dubious in the world around them. They turned to Richard Nixon.

A picture had surfaced, showing Nixon pitching forward and bleating out a huge, bellicose laugh. Nixon was post Checkers and seemed to be doing very well at the time, but the picture raised a troubling question: What possibly could have occurred in Richard Nixon's life to merit such uninhibited, raucous jocularity? It was a mystery then. And it remained a mystery thirty years later, as we sat down to begin celebrating our thirtieth Dubious anniversary over the customary huge meal.

Dammit—we decided, enough already! Why is that man still laughing? And why can't we find out? We knew we had to give it one more stab. We queried literally dozens of Dubious Achievers. We asked Walter Cronkite, Jerry Lewis, Pat Boone, for Chrissakes.

January 1969

The conjectures poured in! Some were plausible but not edifying. We decided to include them anyway. Finally, in a torment of frustrated desire, we reached out to the bard of Yorba Linda himself. Would he, could he, possibly lay this matter to rest for us? In the silence that ensued, we turned to the man who has historically provided the facts when the former president would not: Ron Ziegler is now the president of the National Association of Chain Drug Stores. His response, and others, can be found on page 119.

The eternal Nixon watch aside, the job of Dubious reckoning, which began with Benton and Newman (who did something in Hollywood later), has been bestowed on a long and illustrious group of individuals who pretty much defined the horizon of magazine humor for three decades. They shall remain nameless. This year Esquire called upon a team of indefatigable bons vivants whose unique and very specific gifts melded to produce what is arguably the richest, funniest, most comprehensive, and certainly the biggest package ever. Articles Editor DAVID HIRSHEY, the Rommel of Dubiosity, field marshal of seven bloody Dubious campaigns; the Young Guns (combined age: fifty two): Associate Editor MICHAEL SOLOMON, within whose brain (or what's left of it) is stuffed thirty years of Dubious history right down to the original headlines; and Senior Editor MICHAEL "Spindicator" HIRSCHORN, the man who made the word *net* a new weapon in the drive for total quality, and choppering in from the real world came the Old Lions and Lioness: STANLEY BING, Contributing Editor, who knows what's funny and isn't ashamed to take credit for it; LEWIS GROSSBERGER, whose bottomless appetite for stupidity, banality, and undercooked duck produced an onslaught of wit that could barely be contained within these pages; LISA GRUNWALD, battle-scarred former Features Editor, who reenlisted to make sure we didn't go marching off willy nilly into the desert of illogic. Making sure there was one picture to go with every thousand words came Dubious's veteran photo editor LUCY HANDLEY, who wasn't above searching for a picture of a dead cow at 2:00 in the morning. Putting the entire battle plan on paper was designer JANENE HIGGINS, who displayed grit, patience, nay, even courage in the face of total chaos and distemper. And RACHEL CLARKE, CYNTHIA STUART, and ERIC PERRET, who performed hours of thankless research, often on their own time, which we appreciate, but will not pay for. Many friends also lobbed in grenades of their own for us to fall on. They, too, shall remain nameless.

January 1972

"It's been a pure joy chronicling the atrocities of the last thirty years," said Hirshey from his faux car phone. "Late in the process we were also lucky enough to be graced with a terrifying hallucination in which the next thirty years were revealed to us. After we woke up screaming, we felt compelled to pass it along." Now, as we sit back over another expensive dinner and contemplate the future of this Dubious nation, we feel humble and thankful to have been given the chance to play our own, albeit small, part in the waddle of history. They also serve who only stand and piss on the parade. From Tricky Dick to Long Dong, it's been a hairy ride. Heigh ho, Silver!

ROUNDING OUT THE REST OF THE ISSUE, PETER MATTHIESSEN returns to Bismarck, North Dakota, to update us on American Indian leader Leonard Peltier and his struggle for a new trial (American Scene, page 55). Contributing Editor PETER MAAS explores the nefarious enterprise of Yair Klein, Israel's own Oliver North ("Lawyers, Guns, and Money," page 62). BARRY HANNAH's fiction returns to our pages for the first time since 1977 with "Rocket Launchers, Lust, Croquet, and the Fall of the West" (page 82), a surreal version of the already surreal Gulf war from a lovelorn bunker rat's point of view. And Contributing Editor MARK KEAM reports on the levels of violence in the NFL ("No Pain, No Game," page 70). Bring your helmet. ■

January 1988

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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

No Gaines

CHARLES GAINES'S ARTICLE "Robert Bly, Wild Thing" (October) made me realize what's been bothering me about "the" men's movement. It is largely (and maybe unwittingly) a fake. It may not glorify violence or savagery, but its exclusionary do-what-I-tell-you masculinity owes too much to the traditional male institutions it purports to be better than. The Elder in the Wildman camp throws his weight around like a drill sergeant. The weekend includes a ritual humiliation—supposedly transforming, yet never really explained. And there's an implicit threat of sexual abandonment. Women respect the Wildman's "authority," so play ball or you'll never get to marry the beautiful princess! Someday, men may have more to choose from than just this shoddy mind game. I hope I live that long. Meanwhile, Bly and his new age frat brothers are selling us poisonous old wine in a new bottle.

—RICHARDSON WALTON
Ardsley-on-Hudson, NY

Slings and Arrows

IT WAS ONE of my greatest fears that an intrepid reporter would infiltrate a New Warrior weekend and, pretending to participate, would really be taking notes on the easiest parts of the process to describe out of context and without mercy. What I learned from Doug Stanton's "Inward, Ho!" (October) is that I didn't have much to fear after all. Stanton's piece was terrifically funny, but there is another perspective. The New Warrior training I underwent was an intense form of adventure-based experiential learning that creates a fuller, more responsible sense of manhood. It is unfortunate that Stanton seemed more concerned with sounding clever than with constructively evaluating what is, despite its flaws and idiosyncrasies, a serious contribution to the development of the mature, masculine personality.

—KEITH BERNDTSON
Chicago, Ill.

HOW CREDIBLE can Mr. Stanton's adolescent ridicule of a Wildman weekend be when his only participation was that of a paid sneak? Perhaps if Stanton had participated more, he would have found the balls that he so obviously lacks.

—WILLIAM PENISTON
Rapid City, S. Dak.

THE WOMEN who laugh at the notion of men attempting to rediscover a lost gender identity by beating drums and playing savage have conveniently forgotten all that [early feminist] sitting in circles and joining hands at sunrise, chanting serenely in homage to Isis or Athena. And doesn't the scornful dismissal of male spiritual needs on the grounds that "they have all the power, what do they have to complain about?" faintly echo the old male perception of women "having it made," living off the sweat of their fathers' or husbands' labors?

—MARY SHEN BARNIDGE
Chicago, Ill.

DIDN'T DOUG STANTON overlook the moment during the Wildman weekend when Rip Taylor comes roaring out of the woods naked throwing confetti at everyone?

—JOHN LANNON
Hoboken, NJ

Surprise

AS A NEW SUBSCRIBER to Esquire but an occasional reader since the 1960s, my compliments to you for the excellent piece by Craig Unger, "The October Surprise" (October). This "tale of international conspiracy and double-dealing" is one of the best and possibly the most truthful reported accounts of improper conduct and treachery by political hacks.

—LANDIS DALE
Worthington, Ohio

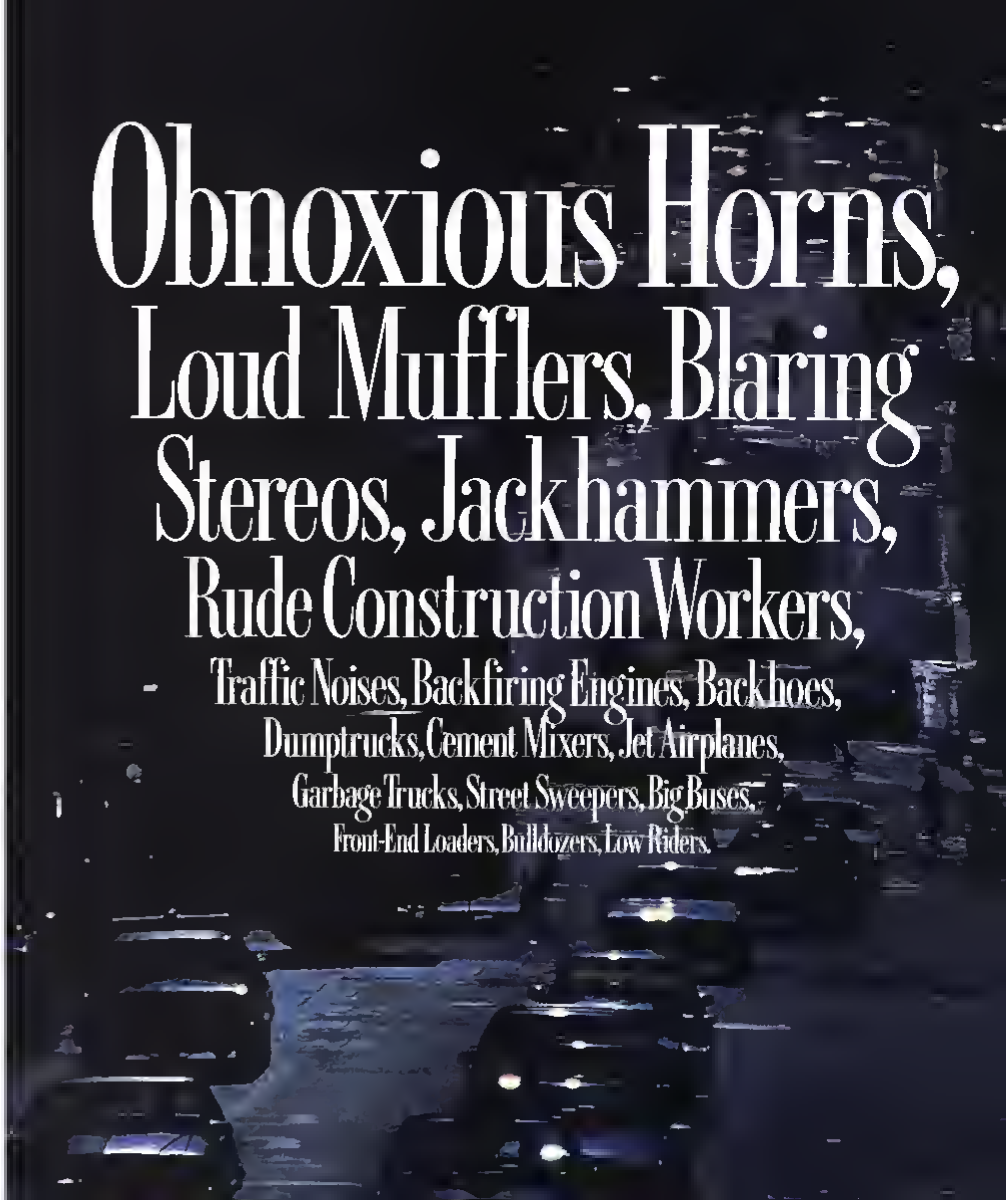
A Letter at Last

TAO FRIEND AND ESQUIRE have got the story about my writing to Michael Milken extremely wrong ("Michael Milken, Free at Last!" May). I had been writing extremely critically about Milken and his deals in *Barron's* and elsewhere for a number of years before I supposedly applied for a job and was ignored. My letter, in fact, asked to be able to examine some Drexel deals before they happened, and then talk to some Drexel employees about what their ethical duties were. It never mentioned a job, or getting paid, and explicitly said that I would continue to write my articles no matter what—hardly the mark of a man asking for a job at a firm he had criticized. The whole canard about the letter was cooked up by the Milken PR machine, adroitly run by Lerer, Lake, and Robinson, which has been peddling it all over America for two years or more. Tad Friend swallowed Ken Lerer's effluence whole. This was especially dismaying since I spoke to Friend for about one hour, explained to him the genesis of my letter to Milken, referred him to letters I had sent to Drexel almost nine months earlier telling them that I would never accept money from them, and patiently explained the whole Drexel scam. He simply ignored every word I said and printed only Lerer's side of things. It's a tribute to Lerer that he has managed to shift the burden, even for a moment, from Milken to the messengers. That, at any rate, is his job. It's certainly not Friend's to be his mouthpiece and trumpet.

—BEN STEIN
Los Angeles, Calif.

FRIEND REPLIES: A puzzling letter. The gist of the two paragraphs mentioning Stein in my piece is that some journalists to whom Lerer leaked Stein's letter thought *Lerer* had gone too far. Stein himself, hardly "simply ignored," is quoted to that effect. In our conversation, Stein told me, "I very much regret having written (Milken)" a letter that he admitted "was certainly open to misinterpretation. I understand that." Nowhere in the letter did Stein even hint that he was proposing pro bono work—which, in any case, would not necessarily obviate the conflict of interest. While he did write that "None of this means I will stop writing about deals," Stein's proposal that he serve as "in-house analyst" clearly implies a salaried position. "I see my role as analogous to an in-house 'ombudsman' at a major newspaper," Stein wrote; ombudsmen get paid.

Letters to the editor should be mailed with your address and daytime phone number to The Sound and the Fury, Esquire, 1790 Broadway, New York, NY 10019. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.



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Esquire

JANUARY 1992

Schooling Around

If there hadn't been women, we'd still be squatting in a cave eating raw meat, because we made civilization to impress our girlfriends. —ORSON WELLES

POPULAR WISDOM HOLDS that having two little girls is like having two little girls, while having two little boys is like having a dozen. Politically incorrect, perhaps, but true. Ask the mothers. The mark of parenthood in the 1990s is a surprisingly incredulous conversation that starts something like this.

"I really didn't believe it until I had children of my own, but little Taylor and little Kate really are different." What this means, of course, is another matter. In almost every species, the roughhouse behavior that results in the dominance of one male over all others is rewarded by everything from more insects to eat (birds) to the best fishing spots (bears) to more money to spend (bond traders)—not to mention the attendant favor of the females of the species. The question of whether males are biologically fated to fight it out or are molded to patterns of aggression by their environment is the most socially relevant inquiry to come out of the old nature-versus-nurture argument.

Now, news from the front: *The Journal of Molecular Biology* reports that if you are a certain kind of male fish and you kick ass, your balls get bigger—actually, biologically, physically bigger. What we are talking about here is hard research that suggests that your body, your behavior, and your social standing are all constantly feeding back on each other to make you what you are—at least if you are an African cichlid fish. The research makes questions of nature/nurture look not so much tiresome as simpleminded. Consider these facts, reported by *The New York Times*: In Lake Tanganyika, male cichlids spend their lives battling for feeding and breeding territory. They chase, they bite, they whack each other with their tails. As soon as the winners are recognized and start flaunting their dominance, the cells in the hypothalamus region of their brains start to grow. The bigger brain cells in turn trigger the development of oversize gonads and brighter colors—brilliant orange stripes and rainbow patterns—while all the rest of the fish remain pretty much the color of sand. Worth fighting for in a lot of places. The bad news is that when the dominant male begins to lose his turf and his babes to some tougher fish, his colors immediately start to fade and his testicles wither. In lab experiments where the status of particular fish could be controlled by the introduction of bigger fish, it was possible to push them up and down the wimp/macho scale at will and more or less change the architecture of the brain in the process. The scientific community believes the work with the fish may have implications for other males well up the food chain. We may still be doomed, but it is encouraging to hear that biology is no longer alone in the driver's seat. We'll know things have gone too far when Dan Quayle starts flashing orange stripes.—T M

A Tree for San Bernardino by Gary Bronmeyer. Laurence Miller Gallery, New York

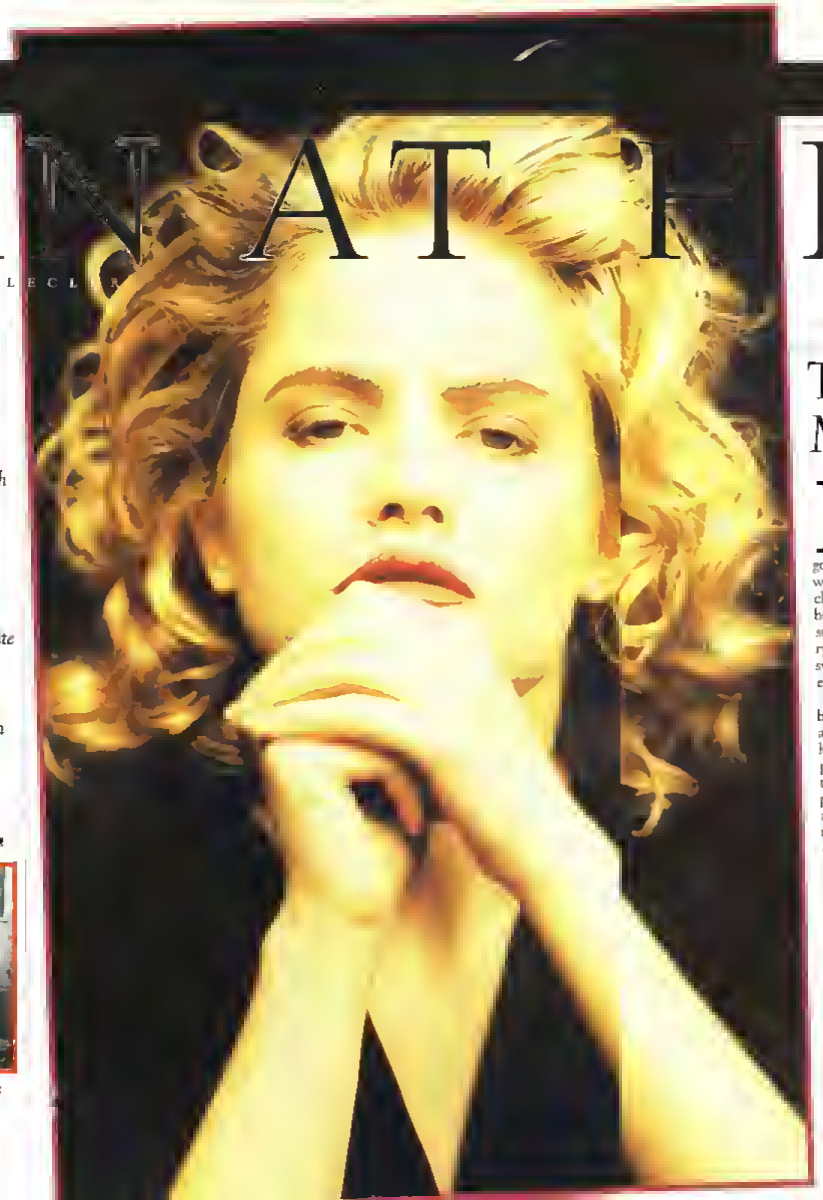
MAN AT HIS BEST

EDITED BY ANITA LECLER

Madmen

UNLESS YOU, *too, have eaten peyote, you may not know what poet Michael McClure means when he writes, "The pain in my stomach is warm and tender I am smiling."* With The Portable Beat Reader, *edited by Ann Charters (Viking), you may come to understand his message by context, and without threat of prosecution in the state where you live The Beats, those postwar bourgeois rebels, did their level best to write "criminal" literature, and in the process created an authentic American literary movement As a group, they were the last to write without an eye on a movie option And without knowledge they would necessarily be published. Hark Kenneth Rexroth "I want to burn down your editorial offices... I want to strangle your children at their finger paintings." Cool.*

OFF THE ROAD: *William Burroughs and Jack Kerouac, shot by Allen Ginsberg, New York, 1953*



GOOD THINKING

The Devil and Miss Leigh

BY THE END of *Fast Times at Ridgemont High*, she decided that she could go steady with a boy without having to sleep with him. That's about the last time Jennifer Jason Leigh has played good. In *Miami Blues*, she's a small town hooker who just wants to be loved—by homicidal psycho Alec Baldwin. In *Last Exit to Brooklyn*, she's a hooker who is so anxious not to be loved she stages a brutal gang rape to expunge the memory of a trick who unexpectedly had turned sweet. "I guess all of us are attracted to the darker side," says Leigh in her guileless girlish voice.

In a decade's worth of extreme roles, Leigh has made herself into a beautiful blond vessel, able to contain the most vicious strains of male lust. There is something sacrificial about her performances, so it's all the more curious that these movies actually make her feel sort of happy. The self-admitted "good girl" daughter of actor Vic Morrow, she feels intoxicated playing the desperate or extravagant selves that the off-camera Jennifer keeps zipped tightly inside. "I'm a scaredy cat in real life," she says. "When I act, I'm fearless."

In her latest film, the upcoming *Rush*, Leigh plays an unformed police recruit thrust into narc duty who proceeds to sink into the druggy Texas muck. Here we have the spectacle of a good girl paid to explore the dark side playing a good girl paid to explore the dark side, a libidinal game of Chinese boxes that ends with Leigh's character based on author and ex-narc Kim Wozencraft, half an inch from dead. "It was fantastic," Leigh says. "I related to it completely."

—JOSEPH HOOPER

NICE GIRLS DO: *Jennifer Jason Leigh, good at being bad*

QUINTESSENTIAL POSTMODERNISM: *Michael Graves does frames.*

FIRST RATE

The Eternal Frame

THE FRAME IS the quintessential device of postmodernism, which is about renewing meaning through allusion and homage, which loves framing devices such as pediments and arches and oculi. So it's no surprise that designing picture frames is a congenial assignment for architect Michael Graves. Simpler and more subtle than the Bieder-Mayan designs we've come to expect from him, Graves's frames are oversized, with a high ratio of edge to middle. They are about themselves as much as about the pictures they contain. Placed together, they act on the plane of a table like the little villages of boxes and pyramids Graves sometimes puts on the roofs of his buildings.

ABOVE: EARL RIPLING

VERLYN KLINKENBORG, *Classics*

The Western Saddle

LIKE ANY PIECE of completely functional and completely mythic gear the western saddle has become invisible. When most of us get a glimpse of that familiar shape—the saddle horn, the heavy stirrups, perhaps a rope tied on the fork—what we really see is a Hollywood vision, a cigarette scene of the cowboy West. We had might as well be looking at a six-gun or a shot glass or Miss Kitty's garter belt.

But nothing speaks more truly of the working West than a western stockman's saddle. It solves the cowboy's basic problem: How do you tie a cow to a horse? The answer is not so obvious. The llaneros—barefoot Venezuelan cowboys who rode tin stirrups with room for only the big toe—used to catch cattle with a rawhide rope braided into the horse's tail. For a time, the vaqueros of colonial New Spain did not bother connecting cow and horse at all—they hamstrung cattle with long spears or rode up behind the beast, grabbed the tail, slung it under a stirrup, and galloped off in another direction.

Like the cow pony itself the western saddle descended directly from Spanish colonists in the New World. It may have evolved from some combination of the conquistador's saddle, the *estradiota*, a massive, thigh binding combat rig, and the *jineta*, a light leather pad that was brought to Spain by the Moors. In its early forms the vaquero's saddle was a homemade rig: just a tree—a skeleton of wood and rawhide—and a separate leather covering. Because vaqueros rode in cactus country they also used tapaderos, stirrup covers now seen mainly on fancy parade saddles, and the heavy leather armor that evolved into cowboy's chaps.

Because its deep seat and prominent horn—sometimes large enough to be called a dinner plate—were so well suited to the cattleman's work, the Spanish saddle spread rapidly through Texas, New Mexico, and California, and on into the heart of the West. Everywhere it went it met with regional adaptations, some inspired by terrain, some by the way local cowboys handled their ropes. If you tie one end of your rope to the horn, a Texas specialty called roping hard and fast, you don't need as tall a horn as you do if you dally, which means taking several wraps around the horn without a knot. Another regional difference concerns the location of the cinch, the strap that passes under a horse's ribs and keeps the whole contraption—cowboy and all—from flying into the cactus. Hard-and-fast roping puts a lot of strain on the saddle, so in Texas they like a full, double rig—one cinch under the horn and a looser one under the cantle (the leather crescent that keeps the rider from slipping onto the horse's rump). Many cowboys, especially those in California and Montana, use a single cinch set a little farther back behind the horn—a three-quarter rig. "In cow country," says Chas Weldon, a highly regarded custom saddler, "and in places where they still buckaroo, people stay traditional. Even now you can pretty much tell where a cowboy's from by the look of his saddle."

Weldon turns out some forty saddles a year, all hand-built, from his shop in Billings, Montana. They are beautiful, but not cheap. The average price is about $2,500, and it rises quickly as you add special touches. Factory-made saddles are like factory-built autos. They offer a small range of highly standardized options, and most people buy what's on the showroom floor. But when you order a custom saddle from Chas Weldon, or from his peers in the business, you face a two-year wait for delivery. You also face a bewildering array of choices, most of them directly related to the way you ride and the job you have to do on a horse.

The first thing you specify is the type of tree you want the saddle built on. There are dozens of varieties—Low Association, Old Association, Wade, 3B, Weatherly, Butch Cassidy, Rocky Mountain, Roper, Brannaman, et cetera—but they differ mainly in the shape of the fork, that little bridge of leather and wood under the saddle horn. You may want a swell fork like the kind rodeo bronc riders use—the shoulders of the fork bulge sharply outward to give your thighs something to clamp onto when things, as they say, get western—or you may want a slick fork with no swell at all.

And that is just the first decision. You've chosen the tree, but what about the horn? Do you dally or not? (Has the question ever occurred to you?) Do you want it wrapped in mulehide or latigo leather or will you do what many ranchers do—wind the horn with a strip of inner tube? Do you want the cantle

MANIFEST DESTINY BY ARNOLD ROTH

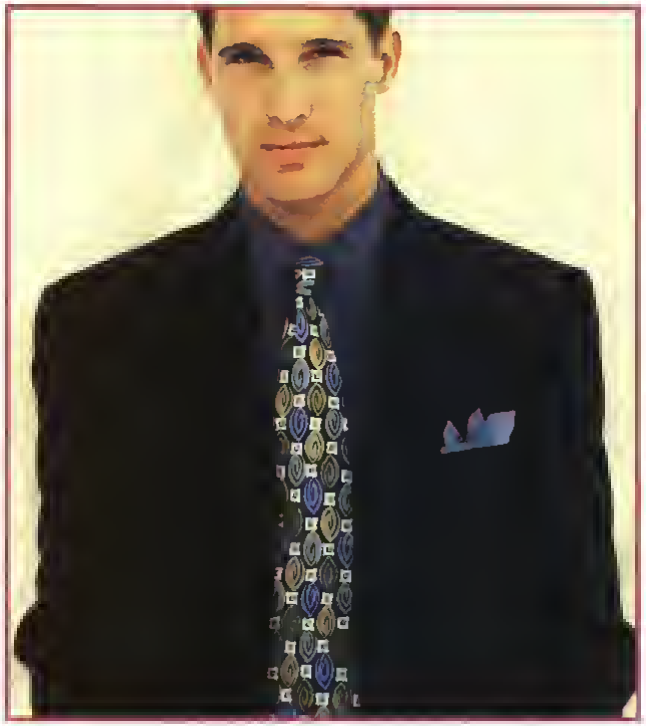
to go straight up or do you want a Cheyenne roll, the cantle breaking downward at the top like a wave? What kind of stirrups—bells, ropers, Visalias, oxbows—and how wide, and in brass or Monel or leather-covered? What kind of saddle leather rough out, plain, or tooled? Do you want a pocket for fencing pliers on the back billet? A pocket for fencing staples on the back of the cantle? How about a quilted seat? Do you prefer buckles or laces on the surrup leathers? The questions go on and on and every decision answers the larger question of who you are and how you ride and whether you plan to catch a cow with a rope

But then that's the point of a western saddle Every part of it has a name, and behind every name there is an origin, a story, a historical model. In every bend of leather, every embellishment of form, you can find a purpose that takes you right back to a time when the Old West of popular imagination had not yet been born, when the true character of the western saddle did not yet lie hidden in myth

FIGURES

Sex and Silence

THE NATIONAL Association for Female Executives found that 53 percent of 1,300 members polled had been, or knew someone who was, sexually harassed by someone "in a position to control or influence" their career Of those, 64 percent did not report the incident.



DROP-DEAD SHIRTS: *A dark shirt from Vestimenta lends a useful measure of danger*

LOOKS

Dressing in the Dark

IT'S THE 1990s and the smart money, what's left of it, is on dark dress shirts New shirt, new look—raffishness doesn't come easier than that Of course, gangsters have exploited this dark-on-dark principle for years, but they overdo it (That's why they're called gangsters and not well-dressed criminals) On the rest of us, a deep-colored shirt and bright tie break only those social conventions that were asking for it

STEVEN WHITE

To the Moon, Chesley

ONCE A POWERFUL congressman who sat on a committee funding the space program and used the phrases "high frontier" and "spacefaring nation" was asked how he came by his fascination with space. Why, from *Collier's* magazine, he replied, when he was a boy.

That answer tells you that in his head were visions of sharp-winged, multistaged rockets, of doughnut-shaped space stations, of tractor-trains crawling across the floors of giant lunar craters—visions created by an overlooked genius named Chesley Bonestell, and visions that created the space program.

Now Bonestell's work shines forth amid old *Astounding Stories* magazine covers and sci-fi movie stills in a show at the IBM Gallery in New York (January 14–March 28) called Blueprint for Space: Science Fiction to Science Fact.

What Bonestell did was turn blueprints into intensely convincing and romantic paintings of spaceships and space stations, moon crawlers and Mars planes. In the process he did more to make space emotionally believable and politically feasible than any man save perhaps Wernher von Braun himself.

In 1951, *Collier's*, which then boasted a healthy circulation of about three million, signed up Von Braun and a clutch of respected scientists to lend credibility to a series of articles on space travel. To illustrate the pieces the magazine hired Bonestell.

In 1954 Disney, about to open Disneyland, sold to the infant ABC network a weekly show of the same name. The imagineers had plenty of material in the can for the Frontierland and Fantasyland segments of the show, but not much for Tomorrowland; they picked up *Collier's* and decided to animate Bonestell. The first film aired in March 1955. Ike liked it. He ordered up a copy for his top boys at the Pentagon. A few months later, he committed the United States to launching an earth satellite.

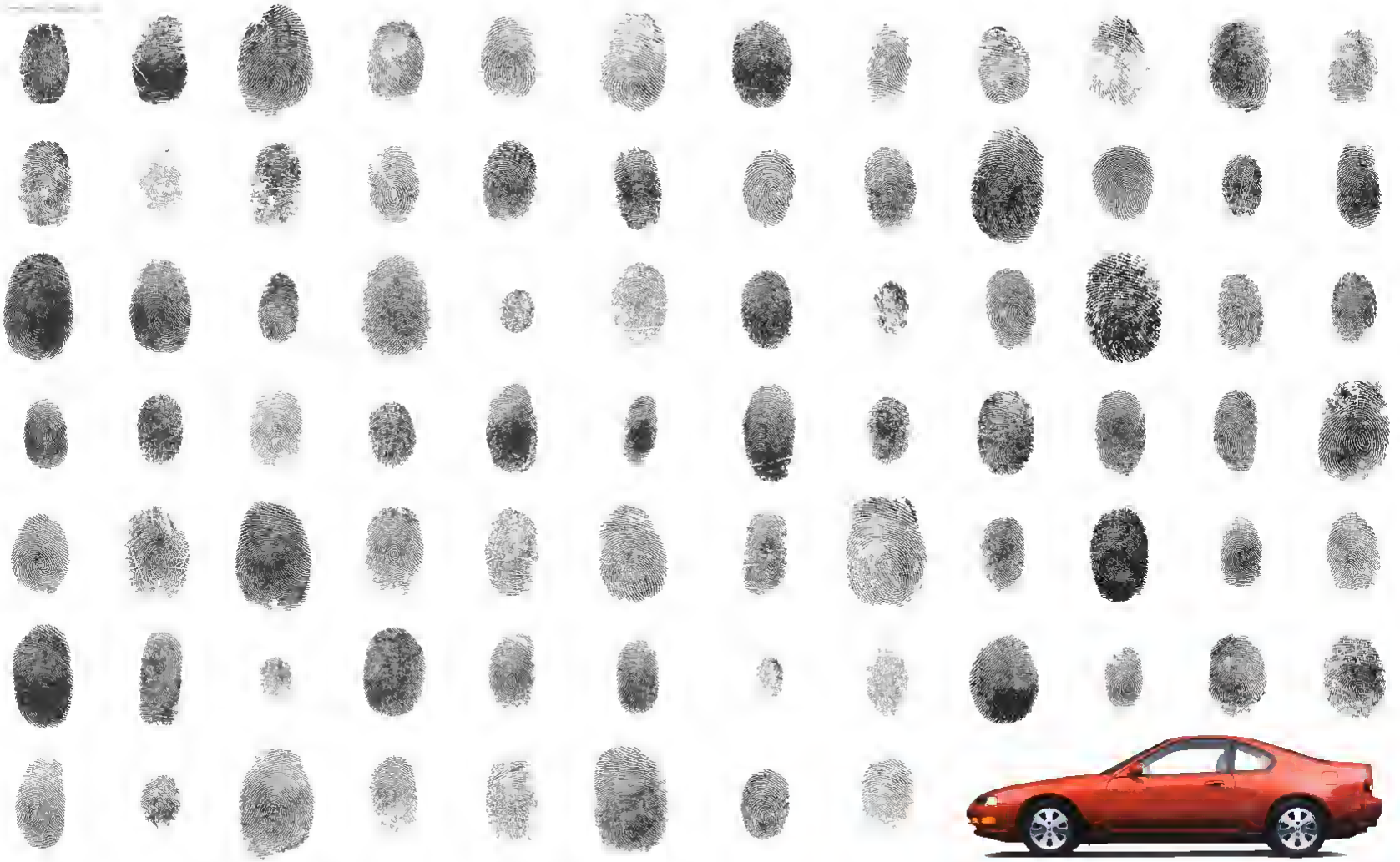
Born in 1888, Bonestell started out in Hollywood, where he worked on *Citizen Kane* and pioneered the matte techniques he would later use in magazines and murals. He would work on such films as *When Worlds Collide* and *Destination Moon* for George Pal. (His sensibility is an obvious influence on *2001: A Space Odyssey*.)

Among Bonestell's first appreciators were members of the British proto-pop Independent Group—Reyner Banham, Richard Hamilton, and Peter Smithson—who on their various visits to the American West, repeatedly noted that its mountains and deserts seemed to have been rendered by Bonestell. That was no accident. Bonestell never forgot his first sight of the Rockies. He used Hollywood techniques to make people believe in space the way painter Albert Bierstadt or photographer W. H. Jackson made people believe in the wonders of the West.

SPACEMAN: *Bonestell's spaceships and moonscapes still seem more real than any animated successor.*

Then rocket ships turned to "capsules" and "modules," grew smaller, lost their wings. If we had landed on the moon in one of Bonestell's rockets, settling tailfirst on fins instead of in a bug like the lunar excursion module, we might have stayed. And nothing, of course, could so drain the romance he created as showing the moon landings on TV. The place didn't look like a valley in the Rockies; it looked like a slag heap outside of Allentown.

—PHIL PATTON



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KURT LODER *Off the Charts*

THE RIGHT ONE: *Ray Charles, eclectic soul genius at play*

A Box Full of Blues

RAY CHARLES *The Birth of Soul 1952–1959* (Atlantic) Since this column will probably be reaching you shortly before December's holiday zero hour, it should be noted that music is the perfect quick fix for any last minute gift giving impasse. And since this has been a great year for R&B reissues, among other things, you might want to reward yourself as well One of the worthier eleventh-hour purchase possibilities is a Little Johnny Taylor retrospective called *The Galaxy Years* (Ace, UK import)—twenty-six razor sharp gospel-blues tracks recorded for California's Galaxy label back in the mid 1960s including the sax-drenched and electrifying masterpiece, "Part Time Love."

Completists (or friends of completists) may want to spring for *The Complete Stax/Volt Singles 1959–1968*, a set of nine CDs that contains every single released by the two great labels of 1960s soul. This means you get a ton of Memphis classics by Otis Redding Sam and Dave, Booker T and the MGs, Albert King, Eddie Floyd and Rufus and Carla Thomas But since even the hippest label inevitably has its misfires you also get funky junk by Sir Mack Rice, a lone white frat-rock travesty by the Del Rays, and a girl group abomination by two local sisters, Cheryl and Pam Johnson—the latter track cut, as guitarist Steve Cropper unnecessarily explains in the notes for no apparent reason.

Beginning soul scholars might instead want to shell out for this three CD Ray Charles box, which documents the heyday of one of the most eclectically inventive and influential careers in postwar music Charles played hard blues, rocking R&B and tough jazz with equal facility (and after leaving Atlantic, scored groundbreaking pop hits with covers of white country tunes) The great stuff here—"I Got a Woman," "Drown in My Own Tears," "Lonely Avenue," "The Right Time," the epochal "What'd I Say"—demonstrates the man's genius The lesser material is merely terrific Nowadays, I fear, Ray Charles may be best known for such things as soft-drink commercials Buy this box and be astonished ■

Boiling Point—Music from Hot Countries

VARIOUS ARTISTS *(World Circuit). Then there are sensual strategies For someone who's deeply into winter, pick up a copy of* Gula Gula, *by Mari Boine Persen (Real World), a collection of songs based in the folk traditions of the Sámi people who inhabit the Arctic extremities of Norway Sweden Finland and the USSR (they don't like being called Lapplanders). Persen, who plays drum and guitar, sings with a crystalline purity, and the backing instrumentation—ranging from clay pots and seed rattles to electric bass clarinet—is modestly exotic. The English translations of the lyrics, however, reveal this for the folkie enterprise (as opposed to folk document) that it is. My enthusiasm for the title track, with its haunting drum tattoo, was diminished somewhat by the knowledge that "Gula Gula" apparently means "Hear the voices of the foremothers."*

More wholeheartedly recommendable—for those already weary of winter—is Boiling Point, *a compilation of humid grooves from such snowless climes as Mali Ghana and Zimbabwe This is exotica at its most rocking, from the desert-Cajun-fiddle and-accordion whirls of the Sudanese Abdel Aziz El Muberak to the steamy beat of Senegal's Orchestra Baobab. One Mauritanian singer—the astonishing Dimi Mint Abba—is such a hit in my house that I'm off to seek out her full album (*Moorish Music from Mauritania, *also on World Circuit) as soon as I finish writing this. In fact, right now* ■

JOHN MARIANI *Eat and Run*

San Francisco Treats

BRIGHT LIGHTS, BIG SITTING: *Cypress Club where the young and fabulous eat, drink, and pose*

BIG CHEF: *Alain Rondelli, of Ernie's, the best news in town*

When a man spends a good deal of time wondering if the next one will be the Big One, his appreciation for anything rock solid helps maintain his equilibrium. Which is why, more than most Californians, San Franciscans cherish a food culture based on the tried and true, and the reason no-nonsense, nineteenth-century grills like Jack's, Sam's, and Tadich's are still going strong.

Yet despite the chastening effect of the '89 earthquake, the restaurant scene is remarkably vibrant. Much of the action is in the new Italian restaurants trying hard to be authentic. The best of these is **Undici** (374 Eleventh Street), in the fast-developing SoMa district (South of Market Street). Undici specializes in the fragrant cooking of Southern Italy and Sicily and offers wonderful dishes like *torta rustica* and tuna with caramelized onion and mint. Also in SoMa is the beautiful **Etrusca** (121 Spear Street), glowing with light, a yellow marble terrazzo floor and etruscan pottery and glass. Here the best dishes come out of the wood-burning oven, like striped bass baked in salt crust with herbs, roasted rabbit with field mushrooms and polenta, and lasagna layered with artichokes and radicchio. The sleek bar has become one of the city's most sophisticated meeting places.

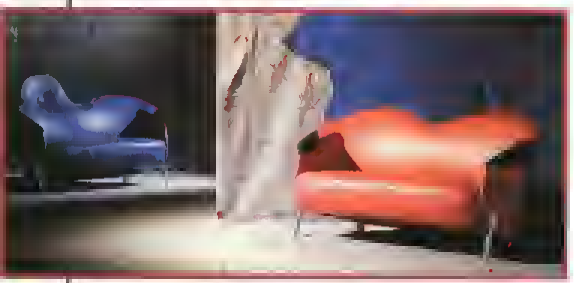
The best of the new bistros is **Brasserie Savoy** (580 Geary Street), where you'll find traditional platters of smoked and raw seafood as well as delicious updatings of bourgeois classics like roast chicken with basil-scented mashed potatoes and crème brûlée topped with brown sugar. You'll find similar refinements at the intimate little **Cafe Kati** (1963 Sutter Street) and **La Folie** (2316 Polk Street), all moderately priced. Very new and very popular is **Aqua** (252 California Street), a seafood restaurant serving rack of monkfish, smoked salmon soufflé, and lobster-and-potato gnocchi.

Perhaps more for the scene than the food, San Franciscans are flocking to the extravagant **Cypress Club** (500 Jackson Street). Designed by Jordan Mozer, with bloated pillars, angular chairs, fantasy murals, copper accents, and a bar jammed with young professionals, the restaurant has a glamorous sizzle to it, as does the highly eclectic—perhaps too much so—food.

Another hot spot is across the Golden Gate in Mill Valley. It's called **Calaia** (639 East Blithedale Avenue), an awkward portmanteau for a mix of Californian and oriental concepts served amid a colorful dining room where people drop in for none-too-serious but delicious dishes like Kung Pow! Pizza (with shrimp and chilies) and Wild West Beef (in herbed moo shu pancakes), washed down with crazy Polynesian cocktails.

But the best dining news in town is the return to eminence of **Ernie's** (847 Montgomery Street) where chef Alain Rondelli is dazzling connoisseurs with dishes like Dungeness crab cakes with asparagus and tomato gelée, crisp salmon with wild mushrooms and potato-tarragon coulis, and warm apple mousse in phyllo. The Gotti family still runs Ernie's as a posh, celebratory restaurant (with one of America's great wine lists), and it's wonderful to see how Rondelli has inspired the kitchen to new Pacific heights. ■

PHIL PATTON *Living Quarters*



THE BIG SCHMOOS: *Hop sofas, soft and infinitely accommodating*

Sitting on Top of the World

THE FINEST piece of modern Italian furniture designed by a Japanese is the Wink chair, done by Toshiyuki Kita for Cassina in Milan. Wink has a wonderfully articulated skeleton that lets it sit up or stretch out, but what Wink winks at is its own American pop joke: two foldable Mickey Mouse "ears" at its top.

Kita, who was born in Osaka in 1942 and has worked in Milan since 1969, created an immediate classic in Wink. Now he has taken his American pop inspirations, stripped them down with Japanese efficiency, refined their shapes to Italian elegance—and found someone to produce them in a Teutonically systematized line. Kita's Hop group of sofas, tables and chairs, for the firm of Wittmann, offers bodies of finely worked leather and legs of elegant matte-black or brushed aluminum. Wittmann's literature presents the ten models of Hop in front and side schematics, complete with dimensions, as in the Mercedes brochure.

In going to work for Wittmann, a firm that began making carriages and saddles in Vienna in 1873 and has more recently offered reproductions of Josef Hoffmann's early modern furniture, Kita harks back to fin-de siècle Austria, moves from *Die Fledermaus* to Mickey Mouse. There is a kind of Tinkertoy quality to the line and a cartoon one to individual pieces.

The combination of spherical rear legs and stickline front ones in some of the Hop models makes them seem to hover and gives them an expectant angle, like a dog or robot ready to take orders. The shapes of the bodies remind you of Al Capp's Schmoos, the blobby creatures that, in their eagerness to please, fell down and turned into whatever you wanted to eat for dinner. When you sit down to dine in a Hop chair, it seems to turn into whatever style you want.

The fronts of the arms are supplied with patches of contrasting leather like those in the elbows of an assistant professor's tweed sport coat. Kita thinks of them as parodies of the old fashioned doilies that, as a child, he resented his mother deploying. Look at the pieces from the side, however, and the patches glisten like the headlights of a minicar or the eyes of a friendly insect.

If Wink was a quintessential piece of the 1980s—ergonomic, with a last echo of Memphis-style wit—such diplomacy makes Hop a quintessential post-1992 product. But Hop goes further than Europe. It projects a new world design order. Kita's names (in addition to Wink, he has done furniture called Kick and Luck) cross linguistic lines as easily as the name of a soft drink, and Hop's style crosses national styles the same way. "Design knows no nationalities and Hop's design transcends all borders," Kita pronounces. Or as they say in Anaheim and Orlando, "It's a small world after all."

SIT ON IT: *The easy chair, at your service*

For the Wittmann distributor nearest you, call Wolfgang Ragowsky Inc. at 914 949 3257.

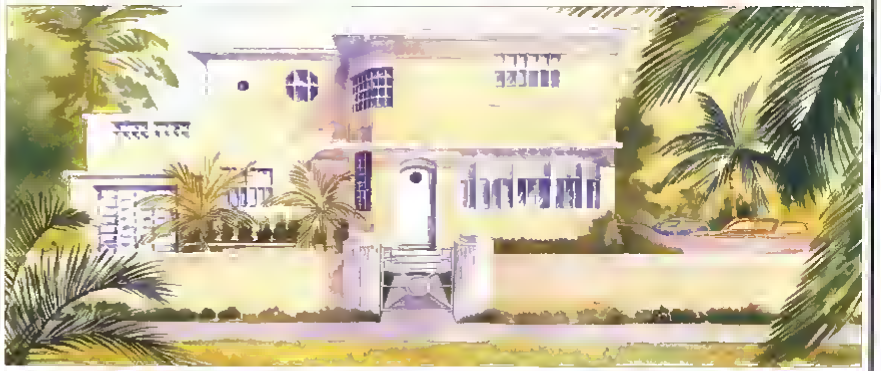
LINGO

New Words to the Wise

TOMES LIKE *The Oxford Dictionary of New Words* ($19.95) *are nice reminders that we are defined as much as anything by our language. Clearly, any schmo who spent the last decade in solitary would find himself lost in an alien world of jargon-riddled (to coin a neologism) "linguage." It's worth noting, for instance, that the term* retro, *quite voguish these days, is of surprisingly recent vintage. It was coined in France in 1973 to describe what was then a 1930s clothing fad—not at all, how do you say,* retro.

PAUL SCHNEIDER *House Hunting*

The Miami Beach House



FLORIDA COOL: *As the historic Deco District gets ever hotter, the prices of neighboring homes are warming up fast.*

THE PLACE: Miami Beach. Specifically in or close by the oh-so-happening photo-fashion wintering ground of South Beach.

THE ARCHITECTURE: South Beach (SoBe, if you must) has the highest concentration of art deco buildings in the world. Historic-district status stipulates that exteriors be preserved in their pastel grandeur. Interiors, however, may be updated, with mixed results.

THE MARKET: Apartments in deco buildings generally come in small sizes—studio, maybe one bedroom—with prices beginning around $50,000. A view of the bay and the Miami skyline (Miami Beach is its own city) add 10 percent; windows onto the Atlantic add more like 20. These being for the most part new conversions, the rule is, if you want a bigger apartment, simply buy two—or three!—and tear down the walls. Less expensive is the "newer product," as real estate agents like to call the 1960s towers along the beach heading north—one room here can be had for as little as $35,000. What you give up in attitude is partially regained in the form of a swimming pool and a security guard. (But be advised: It's unlikely there will ever be a newer-product historic district.) Prices for a single-family home begin at around $200,000 for a two- or three-bedroom place with a slim claim to deco design, and they go rapidly toward the stratosphere with the addition of views, streamlining, and Prohibition-era false basements.

AND WHO ARE YOU?: Fifteen years ago, old people and criminals had the place to themselves. Then, in the early 1980s, it was discovered by the Marielitos refugees, who stayed until the artsy gay community arrived, leading the way for the fashion-photo crowd and Euro-tanners, who ushered in the real estate agents, tourists, T-shirt hawkers, and music industry, all of whom have recently been joined by good, solid suburban Floridians who have remembered that the reason they moved south was so they could live on the beach and still commute to work in Miami.

THE OUTLOOK: "Five years ago," says a local developer, "you could have bought a building for what a condo will run you today." Today, half of the buildings in the historic district have been converted to condos, and rents in the other half have more than doubled. Whether the party continues depends on banks, which have been a little loan-shy lately. But evidence that music is following fashion—a major recording studio is going up—and ongoing efforts by the city to land a big hotel mean that prices should continue to rise. Indeed, at News Cafe on Ocean Drive, if your second iced cappuccino has arrived, and the waiter hasn't hurried you from your table, you can almost imagine that the 1980s are still in full swing.

GUTENESS ALERT. The cops who once cruised tough, routing out vice, now patrol in shorts on bicycles and horses.

THE LISTING

Three-bedroom 1939 house in Middle Beach, some twenty blocks north of the Deco District. Owner has restored everything except the kitchen, which is thoroughly modern. Bought a year ago for $195,000; now on the market for $295,000. Source: Fortune International Realty, Miami Beach.

JACQUI MORGAN

HANGING OUT: GEORGE PLIMPTON

Checking In with Hugh Hefner

LAST AUTUMN A BIRTH ANNOUNCEMENT arrived in the mail—a card with a light-blue ribbon attached above the name: Cooper Bradford Hefner. The infant is the son of Hugh Hefner, the second son he has had since his marriage more than two years ago to Kimberley Conrad—a somewhat solid indication that he has given up almost forty years of a freewheeling life for something quite different. There were rumors as to what had caused this sea change—among them that it was a stroke he suffered back in 1985.

Late in the spring I called and asked Hefner if I could come to the Mansion to chat with him about this and about fatherhood and so forth, and he had agreed. When I arrived, I noted evidence of his year-old son Marston's presence just about everywhere. All the rooms on the ground floor had individual playpens in the corner, each well stocked with playthings. How convenient, I thought, to be picked up and deposited in a succession of playpens, each with a different venue—the exercise room, the main dining room, the front foyer, the dining alcove, the library . . . I wondered if there was a playpen in the kitchen.

The man who revolutionized sex in America rethinks his philosophy as he plays out an unusual second act

Hefner appeared. He was wearing his familiar brown pajamalike lounge suit. We shook hands warmly, and he led me back to the library. I said that I had spotted considerable evidence of domesticity around the Mansion.

Hefner said that the Mansion was a Shangri-la for children of any age.

"We had an Easter-egg hunt the other day. That's been a tradition here for years. Back in the '70s the eggs had naughty limericks painted on them . . . and you had Jim Brown and Wilt Chamberlain carrying little baskets and poking around in the shrubbery. Two hundred eggs. The winner got a bottle of champagne. Or a Sony something. Last week it was a family affair . . . former Playmates turning up with their beautiful children and the prizes were stuffed animals."

"No limericks?"

"No limericks."

I said I had seen a lot of evidence of Marston about, the playpens and everything, but no Marston. Hefner leaned over and switched on the television set.

"Closed circuit. He comes on channel eight," he said. "Marston TV." He laughed. "MTV."

The screen cleared and we could see the slight form of the child asleep in his crib, just the top of his head showing above the comforter.

"I spend a lot of time with him. Quality time," Hefner said. "We have another on the way. I suppose you've heard."

I said I had. He leaned back in his chair. "This is the best time in my life," he said. "It came, in a sense, with the stroke. It permitted me to put down the luggage of my life. I didn't have to keep running. Nothing else to prove. What I'm doing now is working on my autobiography. Looking at old movies. Wasn't it F. Scott Fitzgerald who wrote that there are no second acts in American lives? Well, he didn't get it right."

It was the spring of 1985 when Hefner suffered the stroke, producing such a change in his life that he seems almost to relish describing the circumstances. "It happened around 2:00 on the afternoon of March 7. I was in the bathroom reading a newspaper. I suddenly realized I wasn't able to read. There was no pain, but obviously something was wrong. Part of the system had simply shut down. My speech was slurred. Partly paralyzed on one side. Apparently I had an embolism on the side of the brain that processes information. I couldn't find

BRIAN CRONIN

words for what I was looking at. If I was shown a necktie, I knew what it was, but I couldn't find the word for it."

"Terrifying," I said.

"It wasn't really," Hefner said. "The brain rewires itself if the damage isn't too devastating. Sometimes I felt a mild burning sensation at the top of my head—as if to let me know the rewiring process was going on. I wasn't frightened. In a way it was like being a kid again. I could watch television. I didn't have to go to any meetings. Just before the stroke I had received a whole bunch of cliff-hangers from the 1930s. I could sit up all night and watch them. 'Hot dog!'"

I asked about the autobiography.

"Working on this book is almost like a therapy," Hefner answered. "'Cause and effect... trying to find what my life is all about... what the driving obsessions are."

"Any conclusions?" I asked.

"I was raised in a truly puritan, repressive home in which my parents loved me but were incapable of sharing that love in any physical or emotional way. So very early I turned inward to fantasy as a life. I connected very strongly to songs and things I saw in the movies... romantic love long before puberty. The movies represented a kind of wonderland... especially the musicals."

He asked if I remembered a British made miniseries named *Pennies from Heaven*—I didn't—in which the main character, a kind of down-and-out salesman like Arthur Miller's Willy Loman, sells sheet music out of a briefcase. "At some point," Hefner said, "the fellow says something like this: 'Somewhere there must be a world where the words of songs are true.' That sentiment truly explains how I felt growing up."

I asked if he ever watched the films that had made such an impression.

"Oh, yes," Hefner said with considerable conviction. "Last night I put on a Betty Grable movie."

"Black and white?"

"Oh, yes."

I asked if Kimberley enjoyed watching a prewar, black-and-white Betty Grable film.

"Not as much as I did," Hefner said with a laugh.

He took me upstairs to their quarters. A sign on their door reads CAREFUL CAT INSIDE. It should read *cats*. Six of them were lolling about the rooms. I spotted one inside a large dollhouse converted into what Hefner logically referred to as the cathouse.

In front of a bay window just off the bed, Hefner has a small desk for work on his autobiography. A note pegged to the wall reads LIGHTEN UP. AVOID POMPOUS PROSE. Hefner does a lot of work seated on the floor surrounded by manuscript pages, photographs, newspaper clippings. We stepped around them. I wondered if the cats ever romped in all that paper and rearranged things.

"Hef, where are you in the book?" I asked.

"In the early '70s—on safari in Africa."

Hefner asked if I'd like to see Marston's room. On the way we paused on the hall landing at an open cabinet with a display of erotic sculpture by the well-known artist Frank Gallo—a naked couple depicted in a number of sexual positions, not as many as the hundred odd in the Kamasutra, but surely a good solid dozen. The material the artist used, Hefner informed me, was epoxy resin, which gave the bodies a polished ivory sheen, very lifelike as if the pair were performing in moonlight. Indeed, they were sculptured so graphically that I had the sense of peeking over a penthouse parapet at a couple trying everything they could think of on the terrace below. It struck me that Marston would soon be riding his tricycle past this display, so I asked Hefner if he had considered putting away the erotica around the Mansion now that he was having children. He shook his head, almost indignantly. It seemed to me. He pointed out that having been raised in a puritan home, he knew only too well how much harm that sort of sexual repression and hypocrisy had caused.

Marston's room looks out on the front driveway. He had been moved since we'd seen him on channel 8. "He's up and out," Hefner said. I saw no evidence of erotica. We peered into his closet where an astonishing number of little suits and jackets hung in a row. I counted them. "My God, Hef, there are eighty or so suits in here!"

"He's given a lot," Hefner said, a bit defensively. He picked out a tiny field jacket presented by the Iowa Hawkeyes before the Rose Bowl game.

"Are you worried about spoiling him?" I asked.

"Sure," he said. "It's not easy to be a child of either wealth or fame." He told me that his first two children, Christie (who now runs the *Playboy* empire) and David, were not raised with his name. When my wife remarried, they asked me if it was okay to change their name. Then each, on their own, changed their name back when they became adults. Best of both worlds."

We wandered downstairs and out onto the grounds. Outside, in what the Mansion staff refers to as the backyard, an astonishing variety of fauna is in evidence—flamingos, peacocks, African crowned cranes, exotic rabbits, a woolly monkey, squirrel monkeys, a kinkajou. Years ago, when I first came to the Mansion West, a white llama cavorted around the grounds, stepping daintily among the sunbathers lying naked by the swimming pool, but it had died—apparently from eating a monogrammed bath towel.

"Marston gets along all right with the animals?" I asked. "He doesn't prefer the furry ones in his playpens?"

"You mean do they scare him?"

"Yes."

"Not at all," Hefner said. "He's down on the ground with them. Eye level." He pointed up at a curved bay window on the second floor. "That's guest room number three. We're converting it for Marston and the new baby. They'll be able to look out on all this..."

Two Mowglis, I thought, with their animal kingdom. I wondered if either of them would ever bother watching nature films on television.

That night Hefner put on a movie. He sat in the front row in a low slung pillowed sofa. Not many of the other seats were occupied. Cigarette smoke rose into the beam from the projection room at the back. A small, white poodle type dog lay atop the curve of an armrest. "That's Vivi," the person next to me whispered. "Hef's dog." Kimberley was not at hand. Sure enough, the film Hef had picked was a 1930s musical—*Top Hat*, starring Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. Very stylish and elegant. The men wore white tie and tails in the evening. Boiled shirts. Ginger Rogers appeared with a long white boa slung around her shoulders. Irving Berlin tunes. *I am rich. I am pretty.* The black and white texture of the film was striking, and I thought how lifeless it would have looked in color. Fred Astaire got himself slapped... the only bit of violence in the film, unless you counted a seaplane bouncing on the water of the lagoon as it landed. Hefner's head bobbed in time to the music. He seemed utterly absorbed. At one point he clapped his hands in delight. The poodle started up from its perch on the armrest and looked around petulantly. *Heaven, I'm in heaven.* The lights went up. Hefner continued to stare at the blank screen long after his guests began to stir around him. ■

AMERICAN SCENE: PETER MATTHIESSEN

The Trials of Leonard Peltier

IN THE FALL I returned to Bismarck, North Dakota, for yet another reverberation in the most significant murder trial in this country since Sacco and Vanzetti. For fifteen years the American Indian leader Leonard Peltier has been serving two consecutive life sentences for the killing of two FBI agents in the June 26, 1975, shoot-out at Wounded Knee on the Pine Ridge Reservation in South Dakota. The American Indian activists had occupied Wounded Knee, demanding, among other things, a federal review of the Treaty of 1868, which guaranteed the return of the Black Hills to the Lakota Sioux. The government's military response resulted in the fire fight that left dead men on both sides and put Peltier in jail. He continues to serve time despite recognition in the higher courts that much of the evidence originally introduced against him was fabricated or coerced or both. His codefendants were both found to be innocent, and the mounting evidence that Peltier was both railroaded and innocent is overwhelming (see *In the Spirit of Crazy Horse*, Viking, 1983, reissued in 1991 after eight years of suppression due to unsuccessful libel suits, totaling $49 million, brought by ex-governor William Janklow of South Dakota and FBI agent David Price). In 1990, the Indian man who says he actually killed the agents approached one of these codefendants, Bob Robideau, seeking a way to help set Peltier free. During an interview with me that was filmed by director Oliver Stone, this man wore a hood to prevent identification, but nobody familiar with the case could doubt he was telling the truth.

Mister X (who claims self-defense and does not believe that he deserves to go to prison) said that never once in the sixteen years since the shoot-out has Peltier brought pressure on him to come forward. In a recent interview (*In These Times*, July 1991), Peltier made clear that he would expect X to deny his confession should he ever be arrested. "I hope he's never identified. I don't want him to come forward completely, where he may end up going to prison. There is no guarantee I would be released even if he did. This is a good man who is very committed, still working hard for our people. If it had been left up to me, I wouldn't have ever let him come out as far as he now has."

This is true enough. Years ago, Peltier harshly criticized Bob Robideau for describing to me a significant episode concerning a red pickup truck, which was apparently driven by X to the site of the shootings, fearing that it might implicate his friend, but he does not deny that X's account has helped to refire new interest in his case. Late last spring, Hawaii senator Daniel Inouye made an overture to President George Bush in regard to a commutation of Peltier's sentence, citing not only the exculpatory evidence of X's statement but an extraordinary letter received in April 1991 from Eighth Circuit Court judge Gerald W. Heaney, who had written the opinion in *United States v Peltier* (Eighth Circuit, 1986). The letter denied Leonard Peltier's appeal while strongly reflecting the court's growing doubts about the case.

> Sixteen years after Wounded Knee, the Native American leader is still in jail

> There is a possibility that the jury would have acquitted Leonard Peltier had the records and data improperly withheld from the defense been available to him in order to better exploit and reinforce the inconsistencies casting strong doubts upon the government's case. Yet we are bound by the Bagley test

requiring that we be convinced, from a review of the entire record, that had the data and records withheld been made available, the jury probably [but not certainly] would have reached a different result. We are not so convinced.

At the time of his letter to Senator Inouye, Judge Heaney was still unacquainted with X's account. Even so, he was increasingly uneasy about what he once called on the CBS news show *West 57th* "the toughest decision I ever had to make in twenty-two years on the bench." While insisting he had seen no new evidence that would alter that decision, he supported the senator's intercession with the President and suggested "other aspects of the case that the President may see fit to consider in determining whether he should take action to commute or otherwise mitigate the sentence of Leonard Peltier."

In protest, a sacred eagle feather lay upon the defense table at Peltier's empty place.

An eloquent and conscientious letter from one of Peltier's own judges on the superior court is a strong argument that reconsideration of the case is overdue, yet despite the obvious manipulation of ballistics evidence revealed to him in a Bismarck court hearing back in 1984 (described in the epilogue to the new edition of *In the Spirit of Crazy Horse*), the original trial judge, Paul Benson, had shown no signs of relenting. Trotted in without explanation to replace the judge originally assigned to Peltier's trial, Benson allegedly had seen no harm in consulting with FBI officials outside the courtroom, and the defense had repeatedly demanded his removal from this case. Among many alleged instances of judicial bias, the defense cited his refusal to admit such critical evidence as the FBI reports of the red pickup truck.

In late 1990, Peltier's lawyers petitioned for a new trial, citing "outrageous government conduct leading to miscarriage of justice" as exemplified in the numerous abuses that had come to light since Peltier's trial at Fargo, North Dakota, in 1977. The petition cited the U.S. Supreme Court decision in *U.S. v. Russell*, 1973: "We may some day be presented with a situation in which the conduct of law enforcement agents is so outrageous that due process principles would absolutely bar the government from invoking judicial process to obtain a conviction." A second issue was "government tampering with jury"—among other things, excessive security measures inducing a climate of fear that intimidated both judge and jury into bias against the defendant.

Refusing to recuse himself, Judge Benson assigned a local magistrate to preside over a hearing on these issues that was first scheduled for July 29, 1991. In late July, Benson's protégée, magistrate Karen Klein, dismissed without a hearing all of the defense issues except the one based on the government admission (made by prosecutor Lynn Crooks in a 1985 appeal proceeding before the Eighth Circuit) that although it had tried Leonard Peltier for first degree murder, naming him from start to finish as "the man who came down and killed those agents in cold blood," it did not really know that this was true. (In response to the prosecutor's theory of the case, Judge Benson had excluded all the "self-defense" evidence that had won an acquittal for Robideau and Darrelle Butler at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, in 1976. Had Peltier been tried with his codefendants as an aider and abettor, he would almost certainly be free today.)

To the great disgust of Peltier's attorneys, who had spent months preparing evidence and witnesses, Judge Klein's decision came down only four days before the hearing, which was postponed until October 2, 1991. In September, Klein further ruled that the defense could bring no witnesses to the hearing, which was now to be limited to oral arguments by the attorneys; it was also decreed that Peltier himself could not attend. The Benson court's continuing prejudice in favor of the prosecution astonished nobody, and Peltier's defense attorneys returned to Bismarck in a militant mood, determined to denounce the whole proceeding. Since there was little serious hope of a favorable decision, the strategy was to establish a strong record for a later appeal to the Eighth Circuit Court.

By the date of the hearing, *60 Minutes* (September 22) had already aired the story of Leonard Peltier emphasizing the disturbing footage of my interview with X concerning the killing of the agents; this footage, in combination with Senator Inouye's concern and Judge Heaney's strong arguments for commutation, had at last persuaded the most powerful show on television to handle this controversial story. NBC's news program *Exposé* (whose host Tom Brokaw, a South Dakota native, observed regretfully, "We should have done this long ago.") was also preparing a Peltier story and had sent a film crew to Bismarck for the hearing. *The New York Times* and WBAI New York had reporters present. Amnesty International had sent an observer, and the event was well covered by local newspapers and TV as well as by some Swedish and German press. Meanwhile director Michael Apted was completing a feature documentary on Peltier's case (*Incident at Oglala*) and Oliver Stone and his associates were moving forward with a feature film (Both productions are based upon *In the Spirit of Crazy Horse*.) One day Peltier telephoned to say that somebody was putting him up for a Nobel Peace Prize. Happy and confident, full of hope at last, he laughed when I told him I would vote against him. For the first time in the fifteen years of his ordeal, Peltier's case was well known in his own country, and the FBI and U.S. Attorney's Office of what Indians call "the U.S. Injustice Department" could no longer hope that this case would fade away.

The numerous Indian and white supporters who convened at the United Tribes Technical College outside Bismarck on the evening of October 1 were excited by all the new attention Peltier's case was receiving, especially the *60 Minutes* story that had appeared nine days before. Already FBI director William Sessions and Assistant U.S. Attorney Lynn Crooks had fired off angry protest letters to CBS, and in Bismarck, prosecutor Crooks interviewed by a reporter denounced X's account as "a hoax, a fraud on the American people." Apparently the FBI did not agree. On Friday evening, September 27, six FBI agents reportedly forced their way into the Indianapolis apartment of Oglala suspect Kenny Kane, who later telephoned Bob Robideau and then Peltier attorney Bruce Ellison. The agents Kane said had come in real hard, putting a pistol to my throat and pushing me against the wall." For over an hour he was interrogated, even threatened—"Some of you could get hurt"—and he reported that on two occasions an agent said something like, "We know that Peltier is going to go free, but somebody is going to take his place." Kane claimed that one of his interrogators was special agent David Price, who questioned him about the red pickup truck that Kane had used a few years after the Oglala shoot-out. Citing that the case was "still in the judicial process," the FBI has declined to comment on the incident.

The hearing took place on the morning of October 2. With Peltier absent, the authorities dispensed with most though not all of the grotesque security procedures that had marred the trial and the 1984 hearing, and the large audience, mostly Indian, was orderly throughout. Peltier was represented by William Kunstler and Bruce Ellison and a new attorney, Eric Seitz (who joined the staff two years ago and was instrumental in obtaining Judge Heaney's letter in support of Senator Inouye's intervention at the White House). Introducing his associates, Bill Kunstler pointed out that the middle seat at the defense table had been left empty in protest of Peltier's enforced absence, and that a sacred eagle feather had been laid upon the table at that place.

Commutation of the draconian sentence imposed on Peltier is long overdue.

For the appeal record, attorney Ellison made a formal offer of proof on the "outrageous behavior" and "intimidation" issues dismissed so summarily by Judge Klein, presenting the court with three volumes of documents together with videotapes of interviews made with the missing witnesses. He then read a statement by Leonard Peltier, who accused the court of following prosecution orders in the dismissal of two critical issues as well as in forbidding his own presence at the hearing. In his conclusion, Ellison inquired, "What sort of due process permits this man to remain in prison for so long for a crime he did not commit?"

Attorney Seitz then addressed himself to the single issue left before the court, but not before attacking the magistrate for "unprincipled" behavior in throwing out the other issues just prior to the original July hearing, and with them a good deal of his own hard work. Judge Klein, a small, smart, serious woman, warned Seitz against "hurling insults at the court" (which Seitz later told me he had done to smoke her out, "to see where she's coming from"). Seitz then proceeded to argue the main issue, pointing out how Judge Benson's evidentiary rulings at Peltier's trial had forbidden much of the exculpatory evidence of self-defense that had won an acquittal for Peltier's codefendants in Cedar Rapids. He also cited recent interviews with Peltier's jurors, who all agreed they had convicted Peltier because the prosecutors had persuaded them that Peltier himself had perpetrated the killings, bloody photos of which—forbidden at Cedar Rapids—Judge Benson had permitted Crooks to brandish repeatedly before the jury as the only "testimony" of the two dead agents. In his summation, Seitz concluded that the government's pursuit of an inflammatory theory it was unable to prove had so tainted the evidence and obstructed the defense as to deny Peltier a fair trial on this ground alone. "We know," he said, "how difficult it is [for this court] to recommend a new trial, but that is the just thing to do. We urge you—and we challenge you—to grant Mr. Peltier a new trial."

In his rebuttal to Ellison and Seitz, prosecutor Crooks contended that the defense had no real legal issue but was using the court and media as a public forum. Since aiders and abettors in a first-degree murder case are punishable to the same degree as the principals, the defendant's guilt may be established without proving that he committed every act, and anyway, said Crooks, the government had argued "alternatively," never specifying—and never asked to specify—its theory of the case. For the defense to isolate his 1985 statement (that the government did not really know who killed the agents) as proof of a change in government theory was "preposterous," Crooks complained, since the government had retreated to the aiding-and-abetting theory at least as early as 1982 and not in 1985 as the defense contended (a technicality, since both dates were years after the trial itself). He then proceeded to rehash the prosecution's original scenario of Peltier's guilt, which he still clings to despite the testimony of "Mr. X or someone else. My personal perspective is that he went down and blew those agents' heads off. All evidence pointed to that. But we didn't prove it."

Taking the stand when the prosecutor had finished, Kunstler immediately informed the court that everything Crooks had said in his rebuttal had been irrelevant, since the Eighth Circuit Court had already determined that premeditated murder by Leonard Peltier had been the government's theory of the case and the basis on which Peltier was prosecuted at the time of trial—the abandonment of this theory after Peltier's harsh sentence was precisely why this hearing had been ordered. The prosecutor, in effect, was asking the court to contest the ruling of three Eighth Circuit justices. "You can't do that," Kunstler said harshly to the judge in his big voice, "and Judge Benson can't do that, you are bound by law to abide by the finding of your superior court. I don't think you have anything to decide or recommend except whether or not to order a new trial."

Kunstler's statement was so eloquent and strong that even Crooks could come up with no objection, and as for Judge Klein, she now sat forward, wide-eyed and attentive. Throughout the hearing, all agreed, she had asked good questions and she appeared to listen carefully to Kunstler's closing statements about the negative effect of the Peltier case on public perception of American justice both at home and abroad and how contrary this perception was to the image of an America we could be proud of. Though Ellison and Kunstler agreed that Judge Klein was more intelligent than Judge Benson—"he just had his marching orders"—one could never tell from a judge's manner how she or he might rule. With all this new attention from the media, it behooved Judge Klein to appear open and reasonable, and anyway, it is Paul Benson who will make the final decision about a new trial, no matter what this magistrate may recommend. At press time, that decision was still pending.

Since it had to fabricate and manipulate so much evidence the first time, and since most of that dishonest evidence has been shot down, the government is bound to appeal any new trial order. What could it possibly hope to win with next time around? However, a new trial might be preferable to the Senate hearings on government misconduct in the Peltier case that Senator Inouye is willing to convene, perhaps as early as the spring of 1992. But politicians being what they are, neither pardon nor commutation seems at all likely until after the 92 elections, when Peltier will have already spent his sixteenth year in prison.

Since Peltier has already served fifteen years for a crime he did not commit—and for which his codefendants, acquitted on almost identical charges, have never served a single day—a commutation of the draconian sentence imposed upon this young Indian by Judge Benson is long overdue. (So long as he remains in prison, Peltier is not eligible for a pardon, which unlike commutation is presumptive of innocence or at least strong mitigating factors.)

Now is the time, as Judge Heaney remarked in his letter to Senator Inouye, "for the healing process to begin." It is up to the President of the United States. ■

EXECUTIVE SUMMARY: STANLEY BING

How I Got My New Chair

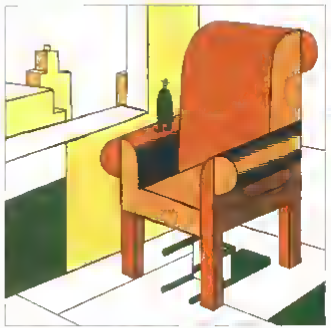
I GOT MY FIRST CHAIR WHEN RONALD Reagan was a crisp young beaver of seventy and both of us had a full head of hair. The real estate market was a huge gasbag that had nowhere to go but up. Debt was a good thing you couldn't get too much of. So was sex. Goat cheese had yet to be invented. Iraq was our valued ally. My department included four managers, fourteen associates and assorted niche droids (including li'l tiny me), and two secretaries. One worked very hard and was destined for promotion. The other couldn't type, drowned our correspondence in cream cheese, coffee, and mustard, cried at her desk, and forced herself to barf after eating. The former is now slaving away as a low-level administrator in an insurance company in the Midwest. The latter is a senior vice-president at the largest fashion concern of its type in the world. Me, I'm still here.

A lot has changed, though. I don't want to give you the impression of stasis. My old steel desk was replaced with genuine oak a couple of years back. My window started off with a terrible view of the eighth floor of some grim obelisk opposite mine filled with people in inexpensive business garb laboring over cathode-ray tubes. It now sports a vista of our entire metropolis, two rivers, and three states. I had a typewriter back then. Now I have a computer that plays mah-jongg by itself if I want it to.

And then there is my chair. It was present, crouched and waiting, when I came in that very first day back in 1981. I remember thinking it comfortable. It was white, made out of some fire-retardant, ersatz-tweedy Herculon stuff, with tough plastic-and-chrome arms and a three-legged rolling understructure on ball bearings. It was wide and sturdy enough to hold a substantial attractive man without indulging in any embarrassing groaning or creaking, and its back rose to about midlumbar level, not pompously higher. Add the ability to swivel easily into a feet-on-the-desk reclining position, and it was the best chair I'd ever possessed. Which was a good thing, since I figure that I've spent a minimum of twenty-five thousand hours in it since its base first met my butt.

Recently, however, I realized that if I were to continue to exist on this planet as a man, my old chair had to go. Sometimes, you know, the veil of everyday perception falls away, and you see things *as they are*. This is both great and terrible. Here is what I saw when, half-asleep one morning at 7:42, with coffee in hand, I stared with suddenly fresh eyes—and saw my chair.

The seat where my fundament rested day after day was a dim, charcoal gray, but not a classy gray—a kind of schmutzy, dim, worn drear that evoked all things dead and irretrievable. The fabric was no longer integrated, but had begun to frizz and pill. The shape of the seat was irrevocably changed as well and was disconcertingly molded to the form of my buttock. Actually both. The back rose up in the original color and consistency, sort of evoking nicely cooked oatmeal. But at the top of the rise, where my neck has rested for a decade, the color once again changed to a smoky charcoal. The poor, aged arms were eroded from three thousand days of continuous use, fifteen thousand papers covered with newsprint, perhaps a million pages of documents whose ink—as well as problems, notions, and moral implications—had come off on my hands. I took a look at that chair and it was a toss-up whether I was going to gag or cry. I'm a hitter. A hitter doesn't sit in a chair like that.



When the ship is going down, it helps to have a good place to sit

And yet . . . A chair is a stupid thing. Especially now. Many, many people have gone screaming out of

the corporation and many more will fall before this economic recovery is all over. Things lost: two guys out of the mailroom, six vice-presidents, fourteen managers, nine secretaries, eight coffee machines, the cable TV and piped music service that used to be wired into headquarters, four floors of office space, one conference room, the audiovisual suite, a coat closet that now must hold the local area network, the daily office-cleaning service, the in-house messengers Leo and Paul, who have been placed with a large out-of-house messenger firm that pays them three dollars an hour less, then contracts them back to us for the same work. So far it hasn't been necessary to abolish lunch. But that will soon happen. Lunch isn't necessary either. It's only essential. Pretty soon we'll have to make do without the essential. After that, can the necessary be far behind?

So anyhow, I had to have this chair. And getting it in this environment would be an exercise in pure personal politics.

I began at the beginning: selection. I knew what I wanted. My friend Wysocki down the hall was sitting in it at that moment. He hadn't requisitioned the throne in question. A couple of months ago our corporate purchasing vice president, Rolm, was heaved kicking and hollering out the sixty-fifth floor window. He took with him his laptop, his files, his Electrodex, his windup toys, his laminated plaques for excellence. He could not, however, get the $3,400 leather chair past building security. One fine day Wysocki, in an act of supreme corporate initiative, simply strolled into Rolm's former office, laid hands on the executive's personal seat, and simply *wheeled it into his office*. Brilliant. Wysocki's chair was deep-mahogany cowhide with a burnished sheen and grommets the size and consistency of ripe plums. In short, this wasn't a chair: it was a proclamation of viability and magnitude. A man could cut paper dolls in that chair and look important. Since Wysocki didn't seem to be going anywhere, I wanted one just like it.

"Do you happen to have the paper on Rolm's chair?" I asked him.

"My chair, you mean," said Wysocki, rooting around and coming up with a slim packet. "I found this taped underneath." Inside was a brochure detailing care of the fine, Corinthian leather and a small, yellow purchase order. At the bottom of the document was a scrawl that read: R. STUDTZ.

> I knew what I wanted. Wysocki down the hall was sitting in it at that moment.

This was extraordinarily bad news. Dick Studtz was responsible for headquarters's capital outlay. There was only one problem. Studtz hates me, and the feeling has always been mutual. It's not personal. We simply loathe everything the other stands for. He wears skinny ties with fat knots. I wear fat ties with skinny knots. No matter how hot it is on May 14, he won't turn on the air conditioning until June 1. If one should want a very special subordinate to receive a 4.2 percent wage increase, Studtz will hold you to the mandated 4 percent max. What would he say about a $3,400 chair?

I entered Studtz's chamber to find him chomping on an unbuttered, toasted corn muffin, brought, I knew, from home, since at some point early in his career I believe Studtz had a brown paper bag surgically implanted in his fist. "I wanted to see you anyhow," he muttered, crumbs dribbling from one side of his mouth. Although it was a beautiful day outside his picture windows, he had the blinds closed, his fluorescents blazing. He took a big sip of black coffee. "I have to assemble a financial quantification of the value of this department's function," he said suddenly, and I knew the words were being ripped out of his craw. This was unbelievable. Studtz was asking for my help. Things must be really funky indeed.

"How would you go about doing it, Dick?" I asked, trying not to giggle.

"I guess we should probably take a look at how much my group's services would run the corporation were we forced to go outside for like functions," he said, deathly pale.

"Okay," I said. "I can do that."

"Was there something you wanted to see me about?" he said.

"I just needed you to sign this purchase order," I said, slipping it in triplicate without further comment beneath his nose, which was running slightly.

"This is outrageous," he observed quietly. "You can't expect me to approve this."

"I don't, actually, Dick. But if Ron Lemur signed off on it first?" Lemur is his boss.

"Lemur? Well ... sure, I guess."

I turned to leave.

"And Bing. Make those numbers look good. It's ... critical."

I left. In a decaying environment, virtually anything is possible.

Ron Lemur is a nice guy and one of my very best friends. He was at his desk, staring out the window, watching the ships roll in from upriver. "You really don't need this thing," he said, leaning back in his high-backed leather chair. "Do you?"

"No," I said. "But I want it. Don't give me a hard time on this, Ron."

"Can't you get Studtz to sign off on it?"

"No, Ron, not without you do it first."

"I see."

There was a quiet time then. In the air hung all the people who would not be with us next year. They were sort of jammed together, complaining and moaning, wagging their fingers in Lemur's face. On the other side of the desk, battling them for space, were a horde of duties and favors done for Lemur over the years, meals taken, drinks poured together, shared time at adjacent urinals in a dozen different towns, hopes for growth and wild success that, even when they were not realized, coalesced into a body of common dreams.

Lemur sighed. "You're a pisser," he said.

Right now I am sitting in my chair. It's mighty comfy. The arms encircle me. The smell of new leather makes me kind of giddy. It's a good feeling: domestic, cozy, secure. If I lived here, I'd be home now.

So it was worth it. This morning, I heard a rumor from a couple of security analysts who called to suck around the fringes of reality, as they like to do. It seems our parent corporation, loaded down with debt like everyone else, is looking at our assets for possible dispensation. And that, friends, portends the end of the world.

I have this dream. One day, in the not-too distant future, a visitor comes to the sixty sixth floor of this office tower. The elevators open on a cavernous space. The walls have been torn down. Loose paper and dust kitties roll in the vast, empty grotto where once a business flourished. No phones ring, because there are none. There is no smell of coffee, for there are no people left to drink it. And in the lunar landscape that was once our flourishing company, stashed off in a corner somewhere, is a chair. Sitting. Waiting to be brought to life by the right, living resident.

Some things endure. Those things are magic. If, when it's all over, we can say we've left our share of those objects behind, I figure we've done our jobs.

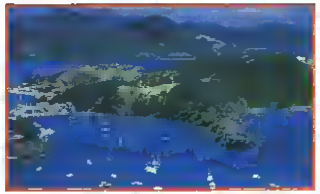
Can a man do more? ■

Esquire

LAWYERS, GUNS, AND MONEY

THE INTERNATIONAL ARMS-AND-DRUG TRADE HAD ENTIRELY MISSED THE TINY CARIBBEAN ISLAND NATION OF ANTIGUA. THEN ISRAEL'S OWN OLIVER NORTH ARRIVED. WE TAKE UP THE TALE SEVERAL DEAD BODIES LATER

BY PETER MAAS



THE FOUL ODORS FROM THE BUICK REGAL parked at Miami International Airport started attracting attention in late January 1990. To homicide cops, the decomposing corpse of Arik Afek in the trunk looked like a professional hit. But why? Afek was an Israeli citizen residing near Miami, to all intents peacefully engaged in importing flowers from Colombia. He'd been last seen alive three days before. A neighbor claimed to have overheard Afek in his apartment arguing with unknown visitors in a strange tongue—which meant it wasn't English or Spanish.

ILLUSTRATION BY JEFFREY FISHER

Among the items found in Afek's wallet was a business card picturing a helmeted warrior brandishing a spear that identified Afek as vice-president of something called Spearhead Ltd. Which turned out to be another of the dozen or more little-noticed operations in Miami being run by a coterie of former Israeli military and/or intelligence officers for Central and South American customers under the general rubric of "security services." Spearhead's principal was an ex-Israeli army commando, Lieutenant Colonel Yair Klein. He, however, apparently had not hung around for questioning.

During the same week, a formidable cache of arms was discovered in Colombia during the search of a ranch owned by one of the world's most-wanted cocaine traffickers, the late, unlamented Medellín-drug-cartel chieftain, Jose Gonzalo Rodriguez Gacha, who had finally been tracked down and killed in a spectacular shoot-out with Colombian national police and army troops.

The cache unearthed on the ranch was enough to outfit a small army. It featured 187 automatic assault rifles, all of them of Israeli origin.

LARRY BARCELLA DISCOVERED THAT NOT ONLY WERE THE ISRAELI WEAPONS THREATENING TO BRING WORLDWIDE DISGRACE AND ECONOMIC HAVOC TO ANTIGUA, THEY HAD BEEN USED IN THE ASSASSINATION OF COLOMBIAN PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE SENATOR LUIS CARLOS GALAN.

Three months later, Larry Barcella, a former assistant U.S. attorney now in private practice in Washington, D.C., would learn that the cache was part of a larger secret-weapons shipment that not only was utilized in the assassination of a Colombian presidential candidate but very nearly brought worldwide disgrace and economic havoc to the tiny Caribbean island nation of Antigua. In the wilderness of mirrors that is the international arms bazaar, where the morality play is like a three-card monte game, this affair seemed about as bizarre and ugly as it got. What exactly was going on? At first glance, it didn't appear to add up. But Barcella had no doubt that the bottom line, when he arrived at it, would be, as always, money.

Barcella was on the case because the law firm that he had joined represented Antigua in various legislative and legal matters in the United States, mostly lobbying Congress for financial assistance and counseling on civil transactions. And now, all at once, the problem wasn't so routine—or civil. Antigua—whose major impact on world consciousness to date was the proud boast that it had 365 sublime beaches on both the Atlantic Ocean and the Caribbean Sea, "one for each day of the year"—was screaming for help.

Very simply, the governments of Colombia and Israel were accusing Antigua of supplying weapons to the Medellín cartel—a cartel that, in an effort to cow the entire Colombian nation, had conducted a reign of terror that included the blowing up of an Avianca airliner with 107 passengers on board, the bombing of the Bogotá police headquarters that killed another 60 people and left 1,000 more injured—and most recently, the murder of the front-runner to be Colombia's next president, an outspoken foe of the cocaine traffickers, Senator Luis Carlos Galan. Galan's mortal wounding in a volley of gunfire, seen globally on television as he was addressing a throng of supporters, triggered an all-out manhunt that led to the capture of the leader of the assassination squad. And guess what? He had an assault rifle from the same batch later found on Rodriguez Gacha's ranch.

The Israeli foreign ministry was especially righteous in its denunciation of Antiguan authorities. How dare they embarrass Israel by allowing arms shipped to them in good faith to fall into "the possession of private individuals in other countries"?

Antigua kicked out with Barcella. At forty-four, with a middleweight's build and a terrier's tenacity, sporting a slightly satanic beard, he had spent sixteen years in the Department of Justice as a prosecutor who favored running his own investigations as much as home in the mean streets as in a courtroom. For nearly four of those years, before leaving the U.S. attorney's office, he had pursued Edwin P. Wilson, the rogue CIA operative who had supplied Libya's Muammar Qaddafi with guns, timers, and tons of plastic explosives—patiently unraveling Wilson's labyrinthine network, then luring him out of his Libyan sanctuary and parking him in solitary confinement at the federal maximum security prison in Marion, Illinois. In yet another trip down the back alleys of international terrorism, he had played a key role in pinning the Embassy Row assassination of Orlando Letelier—a former Chilean envoy to Washington and foe of Chile's then-resident tyrant, General Augusto Pinochet—on Pinochet's secret police. Like the CIA, tarred with the stigma of Wilson, the State Department wasn't too happy about this one, either—having played footsie with Pinochet as a mighty bulwark against the Commies.

So for Larry Barcella, it would be like old times—and this time, unlike during his government service, he wouldn't have to fly economy class.

Any way you looked at it, Antigua was hardly climbing the charts as a hotbed of foreign intrigue. The 108-square-mile island gained its independence from colonial Britain in 1981. It had a population of eighty thousand relatively relaxed souls. Law and order was maintained by about three hundred police officers who, in the grand tradition of the English bobby, carried out their duties without the benefit of sidearms. Absent the threat of imminent invasion from, say, Saddam Hussein, its less-than-awesome defense force consisted of ninety-eight stalwarts whose equipment was provided by Washington. Because of a chronic water shortage, farming was marginal. But those magnificent beaches spawned a robust tourist industry that accounted for about 70 percent of Antigua's gross national product.

There it all was—sun, sand, and sea. Still, as Barcella would learn, underneath the surface tranquillity swirled some exploitable tensions that had led to the nightmare currently engulfing Antigua, sort of *King Lear* meets Cain and Abel, set to a calypso beat.

For longer than most people could remember, the reigning presence on the island was eighty-one-year-old Prime Minister Vere Cornwall Bird Sr., recently reelected to his sixth five-year term (in Antigua's colonial days, he'd been premier). An activist out of the trade-union movement, "Papa" Bird not only was the dominant figure in Antiguan politics, where his Labour Party controlled fifteen of seventeen seats in the parliament, but added further luster to his name by being, it is said, the first black chief of state to go to South Africa and openly condemn apartheid on the spot. Nowadays, though, he whiled away much of his time in the company of his twenty-seven-year-old consort known across the island as Cutie, whom he met when he awarded her a prize as an eighth-grade beauty queen.

Papa had two sons, Vere Jr. and Lester, which is where the trouble lay. Lester, fifty-two, wore three hats in the Bird dynasty—Deputy Prime Minister, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Minister of Economic Development, Tourism, and Energy.

Vere Jr., a year older, was only Minister of Public Works and Communications. A couple of years before, he also had been in charge of aviation, but he'd been the center of kickback allegations involving a multimillion-dollar runway repaving contract at Vere C. Bird International Airport. Nonetheless, Papa doted on his firstborn, and all junior got was a tap on the wrist and a transfer out of aviation. It was generally believed that the old man felt more at ease with him than with Lester. And the truth was that Lester was kind of standoffish, while Vere Jr. came on as a man of the people. There was no doubt in anyone's mind that come Papa's demise or retirement, the two brothers would go at each other to succeed him. What it would come down to was Lester's acknowledged competence against Vere Jr.'s equally acknowledged charisma, and nobody was ready to predict the outcome.

Lester also was the one who brought in Larry Barcella.

According to Lester Bird, the morning of April 4, 1990, could not have started out better. Under his guidance during the past decade, Antigua's per capita income had risen from $900 to more than $3,000, the highest in the region. Figures in from the just-completed tourist season were the best ever, and investment in Antigua, primarily in tourism, was zipping along at a 7.5 percent yearly growth rate.

Then out of the blue the letter arrived. Lester, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, received it. It was signed by Colombia's Minister Plenipotentiary to the Organization of American States and had been forwarded overnight by the Antiguan embassy in Washington.

Instantly, upon reading it, visions danced in Lester Bird's head of Antigua being painted everywhere as a partner in the world's most reviled and murderous drug ring. He saw the headlines, little Antigua being castigated throughout the globe. Mostly, he saw the collapse of Antigua's economic lifeline: its tourist industry.

Skipping diplomatic niceties, the letter charged that the arms cache discovered on Rodriguez Gacha's ranch had been traced to a shipment that arrived in Antigua from Haifa, Israel, almost a year before, on April 24, 1989, aboard a Danish freighter, the *Else TH*. It said that the Israeli government had confirmed that "the armaments in question were sold to the armed forces of Antigua."

Colombia, it said, "wishes to express its profound concern with this very delicate matter, which constitutes a grave violation of the principles and norms that govern relations among states."

There was even worse news. Israel said that the purchase had been authorized by Vere Bird Jr., who was identified as Minister of National Security of Antigua.

That, Lester told Barcella, had first given him a glimmer of hope that this might be a dreadful mistake, since there was no such post on the island.

A second person was also named as "participating in the negotiations" for the arms—a Maurice Sarfati, "chairman of Antigua Promoters, Ltd." Sarfati, Lester explained, was this fast talking, gregarious Israeli out of Miami whom he had met through Vere Jr. Sarfati had shown up in Antigua a while back with a proposal to introduce the drip-irrigation system that revolutionized farming in Israel. Supposedly, Sarfati had enjoyed similar success in Jamaica. Lester loved the idea. It might be just the thing to galvanize Antiguan agriculture. And to help Sarfati round up financing, he was given cabinet designation as Antigua's "special envoy" to solve its water shortage. But the pilot project, a melon farm, went bust, leaving a lot of questions about where all the cash had gone.

Lester said that he got on the phone to his brother, read him the Colombian letter, and demanded, "What the hell is this?" Vere Jr.'s response was injured outrage. He didn't know anything about any arms transshipments to Colombian drug cartels or, for that matter, to anyone else. And no, he hadn't a clue to Sarfati's present whereabouts. Then Vere Jr. suddenly volunteered, "They must be talking about those Israelis that came here trying to get that training school. Remember?"

Lester remembered, all right. A year and a half before—in November 1988—Vere Jr. and the chief of Antigua's defense force, Lieutenant Colonel Clyde Walker, had shown up with Sarfati and still another Israeli, named Yair Klein, who was introduced as an intrepid veteran of warfare in the Middle East. Klein wanted to start a school in Antigua to train selected locals and personnel from other countries to combat terrorism, employing the techniques he said he had perfected against Palestinians bent on infiltrating Israel's borders. Vere Jr., with Sarfati chiming in, argued that security on the island needed beefing up, and besides, the school could be a major hard-currency earner. Lester didn't quite see the training school and tourism as ham and eggs. To avoid a fight with his brother though, he just suggested that Vere Jr. ought to think this one over. Israeli links to the school would inevitably surface. It also was no secret that Israel was supplying arms to South Africa. Would that fly in the face of the dramatic stand Papa Bird had taken against apartheid? Vere Jr. appeared to get the message, and that seemed the end of it. Until now.

Lester Bird gave Barcella a copy of Klein's prospectus for the training school along with his Spearhead Ltd. business card. He added that Lieutenant Colonel Walker had been questioned, but like Vere Jr. he had denied knowing anything beyond the abortive training-school proposal. Lester also said that port records revealed that in fact a Danish freighter, the *Else TH*, had arrived in St. Johns, the capital of Antigua, on April 24, 1989. What happened next was anyone's guess.

Listening to Lester, Barcella could not conceive that Israel was a party to this affair or had even lent itself to it in any fashion. Maybe brother Vere was a dupe. Maybe not. It was curious the way he had brought up the training school business without being asked. Barcella had seen this dozens of times as a prosecutor: the guilty guy driven to demonstrate he has nothing to hide.

It was also hard to believe that Antiguans had pulled this off on their own. Still, could it have reached up to Papa Bird himself? The best bet was that the Medellín cartel had engineered the whole thing. But how? Barcella told Lester that he would have to be guaranteed complete independence. He liked the way Lester instantly said "no problem." To make it official, Barcella would also be given official status as a special investigator for Antigua.

On his way back to Washington after meeting with Bird, Barcella thought of a shortcut to all of this. In the U.S. attorney's office he'd had dealings with both Israeli law enforcement and Israel's intelligence service, the Mossad, and you could almost put up the farm

on their keeping accurate records So he called a friend at the Pentagon a military acquisition specialist who had close contact with the Israeli government. He explained the situation and asked if the friend would arrange for some "informal" assistance from the military attaché at Israel's embassy The friend agreed that this was an ideal solution No state, he said, was considered more scrupulous about weapons shipments and "end-user" certificates than Israel. He'd get right on it

At this point, Barcella began having some second thoughts about the Israeli connection The friend called back, astonished to say that it was a no-go with the attaché Any information about this particular shipment had to be obtained through "official channels"

"Larry, is there something here I don't know?"

No, I'm the one who doesn't know, and evidently somebody wants to keep it that way"

That wasn't all Barcella routinely checked NEXIS, the computerized service that indexed press stories across the country Since this Yair Klein was a renowned warrior, there was a chance that his name might have popped up during the last couple of years And it had—in, of all places, Colombia.

The story was about an NBC-TV news broadcast on August 21, 1989 that featured an amateur video of Klein in the Colombian jungle training men described as members of Rodriguez Gacha's drug army in assassination and ambush tactics The video on the air was actually shot the previous May—which was about a month after the merchant ship *Else TH* was in Antigua. In that interview Klein had protested that the men he'd been instructing were actually law-abiding ranchers being threatened by marauding bands of terrorists

There was a second story, too—about the mysterious murder in Miami of the ostensible flower importer, Arik Afek. Afek was alleged to have helped Klein flee Colombia after the discovery of the video had exposed his clandestine career

Barcella needed some investigative help and he had just the man for it—Ed Seibert, a former homicide detective in D C who had worked many cases with Barcella before becoming an undercover agent in Central and Latin America for the Bureau of Alcohol Tobacco and Firearms Having retired from the bureau, Seibert was with the Miami office of Business Risks International, a firm that handled corporate security clients Barcella told Seibert he wanted a fast local rundown on Arik Afek and Yair Klein—as well as on Vere Bird Jr s pal, the nebulous Maurice Sarfati

According to Seibert's report, Sarfati had a number of export/import ownerships, ranging from agriculture to antiques He was constantly on the move among Miami, the Caribbean, and Europe, traveling on an Israeli passport. He had no criminal record. But court documents showed that he'd filed for bankruptcy because of civil fraud charges brought by a U S agency, the Overseas Private Investment Corporation, for his drip-irrigation venture in Antigua What better way to recoup, Barcella reflected, than a little arms dealing? At the moment, however, Sarfati wasn't available to throw any light on the subject He hadn't been seen in Miami for some time.

Arik Afek was another matter He also proved to be an Israeli army combat veteran From sources in Colombian intelligence and the Miami police, Seibert learned that Afek had been engaged with Klein in the paramilitary training of Rodriguez Gacha's private militia, including those who cut down presidential candidate Galan Other reports indicated that Klein may have used Afek's flower business as a conduit to smuggle money, handguns, and explosive devices.

After Afek found out that he and Klein were wanted in Colombia for conspiracy in various crimes, as well as for questioning in Galan's assassination he approached federal drug enforcement officers and offered his services as an informant Then, right before his demise, with President Bush scheduled to fly to Colombia for a hemisphere antidrug conference, Afek told the U S Secret Service that he could provide information about surface-to-air missiles in the possession of the Medellin cartel

PAPA BIRO WHILEO AWAY MUCH OF HIS TIME IN THE COMPANY OF A YOUNG CONSORT KNOWN AS CUTIE, WHILE HIS SON LESTER, WHO WORE THREE HATS IN THE BIRO OYNASTY, SEEMEO TO BE THE ONE WHO WAS REALLY IN CHARGE.

Afek's murder was described as execution style. At first, Miami homicide detectives theorized that the cartel was behind it Now there was a growing belief that it may have been committed to keep Afek from talking about the Israeli mercenary-cum-arms network operating in Miami

As for the elusive Lieutenant Colonel Yair Klein, according to intelligence sources in Bogotá, a company called *Hod Hahanit* in Hebrew (or Spearhead Ltd) had been issued a permit by Israel to operate in Colombia For training Rodriguez Gacha's men in the tactical use of arms as well as explosives Klein was reported by Colombian security sources to have been paid approximately $800 000

In Miami Klein had been frequently seen in the company of another Israeli, Pessach Ben-Or, who had a palatial home there. Ed Seibert knew about Ben Or from his undercover days with Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms He was the main man in Central and Latin America for Israel Military Industries, part of Israel's defense establishment, which runs the government's $2 billion overseas arms sales apparatus Ben Or had made his first big score back in the early 1980s by supplying military hardware to a regime in Guatemala so brutal that even Washington imposed a total arms embargo on it.

By then, from the Antiguan police, Colombian intelligence leads, sources in the CIA, international shipping records, and bits and pieces out of Israel, Barcella had come up with a pretty good idea of how the arms reached the Medellin cartel. The *Else TH* left Haifa on March 29, 1989 with a number of containers on board The consignee for one of the containers was the Quartermaster General High Street, St. Johns, Antigua Both that position and the address were phony Accompanying the containers was a former captain in the Israeli navy named Philip Earon The *Else TH* did not notify Lloyds of London about her Haifa stopover a required insurance procedure for commercial vessels sailing the high seas

The *Else TH* arrived in St. Johns on the morning of April 22 a Saturday Although this meant paying overtime to dock crews for unloading and refueling, most ships did just that to be on their way as soon as possible But the *Else TH* remained moored in the harbor by the pilot station and a local shipping agent, a crony of both Maurice Sarfati and Vere Bird Jr , boarded to confer with Earon Afterward, he escorted Earon to the Flamingo Hotel, which has a clear view of the harbor

Earon returned to the ship on Monday morning when a second, smaller freighter of Panamanian registry, the *Seapoint*, entered the harbor The *Else TH* moved to a berth on the quay and unloaded the container addressed to the fictional quartermaster general The *Seapoint* waited until the Danish ship cast off then moved to the same berth unloaded a cargo of lumber, and picked up the container, which had remained undisturbed on the quay The next stop for the cargo which turned out to be the guns in question, was a yacht controlled by Rodriguez Gacha off the Colombian coast The capper was that the *Seapoint* subsequently went through the Panama Canal and up the West Coast headed for San Diego. Off the Baja peninsula on a tip from the CIA, elements of the Mexican navy intercepted her and seized nearly four tons of cocaine intended for distribution in the United States

FROM ANTIGUA MEANWHILE, Lester Bird reported to Barcella that Israel hadn't budged. It claimed to have irrefutable documentation that the arms purchase had been made by a Maurice Sarfati identified as a special envoy for Antigua, and that the end-user's certificate, attesting that the weapons would be used solely by Antigua's defense force, was signed by Vere Bird Jr The message from Israel was that it was indeed disheartening to learn Antigua couldn't keep its house in order

Barcella's official status as a special investigator for Antigua paid off however News of the shipment and some of the people involved was cropping up in the Israeli press, and in May 1990 Israel's foreign ministry grudgingly agreed to meet with him

Before leaving, Barcella got the name of Yair Klein's Tel Aviv lawyer from a reporter He called the lawyer Yigal Shapira, and told him it was important that he speak to his client Shapira was affable enough, but wasn't making any promises Call me when you get here, he said

On the eve of Barcella's arrival, as if in anticipation of it, Yair Klein suddenly surfaced in Israel with an explanation to the press for his involvement in the secret arms shipment He'd been approached in late 1988 by anti-Noriega Panamanians to obtain guns and to open a training base for them in Antigua to overthrow the dictator But when this effort collapsed, he was asked to have the guns transferred to a boat sailing for Panama. How any of them ended up in Colombia was a real puzzlement to him, he said

As for Maurice Sarfati a foreign ministry spokesman said that Israel was unable to find any ties to him or even determine whether he was Israeli.

BARCELLA WAS RECEIVED at the foreign ministry in Jerusalem on May 8, 1990 by Ambassador Zvi Tenney, the director of the Central American and Caribbean division Short and round-faced, in a suit and tie, Tenney was all smiles His associate, the director of the Latin American division also in a suit and tie, was present. A third, younger man, wearing an open sports shirt and slacks, was introduced as Ehud Keinan from the claims division It seemed to Barcella that the others deferred to Keinan, shooting quick glances at him before responding to a question, Barcella believed he was some sort of intelligence liaison

Tenney cheerily announced that they were prepared to cooperate fully in the inquiry And for the first time, Barcella got a rundown on what was actually in the container left on the St Johns quay 400 Galil assault rifles 100 Uzi submachine guns, and 250 000 rounds of ammunition The price paid for them was listed as $253,700 Based on the going rate for illegal weaponry of this type, the cost to the Medellín drug cartel would be $1 5 million to $2 million Somewhere along the line, there'd been at least a $1 million plus profit on this one deal

Barcella said that he hoped to be able to see Yair Klein One minute Klein had been saying he was helping anti-terrorist Colombian ranchers and the next minute it was anti-Noriega Panamanians Right away, Tenney's promised cooperation seemed to falter He shrugged and said that Israel hadn't given Klein authority to operate in Antigua on anybody's behalf Klein after all, was a private citizen Barcella would have to contact him on his own

Keinan then volunteered that whatever Yair Klein had or hadn't done, a government probe had ruled out any connection he might have had with the Colombian drug trade—if that was what Barcella was getting at

Barcella had brought along Ed Seibert and Patrick Lewis, a member of Antigua's UN delegation Lewis noted that the foreign ministry had questioned whether Maurice Sarfati was an Israeli citizen Well he was told, that was tricky A computer check showed there were no Maurice Sarfatis living in Israel

Seibert jumped in Maybe he could make things easier he said. He produced Sarfati's place and date of birth and Israeli passport number he'd gotten from his Miami contacts There was an awkward pause before Keinan stone faced, acknowledged that the information would certainly be helpful

Tenney thrust a sheaf of documents at Barcella It was, he said, everything Israel had on the shipment Included was the shipment invoice listing the weaponry and ammunition under the letterhead, "Israel Military Industries" Barcella pointed out that the invoice given Antiguan customs by the Israeli naval captain traveling with the container was quite different The word *military* was missing from the letterhead The Galil assault rifles were called *gals* The Uzis were spelled *uus* The rounds of ammo were characterized as *tumps*

Well, Tenney queried what did the Antiguans think? They didn't know what to think, Barcella responded That's why he was in Israel To get some answers Flushing, Tenney scribbled a note. He'd have to look into this further

Another document presented by the Israelis at the meeting, a letter portrayed Sarfati as a special envoy for Antigua in the arms purchase In fact it was the letter issued to Sarfati at the time he was under contract to help fix Antigua's water problems All references to the irrigation project had been whited-out in the Xeroxed copy on file in Israel Hadn't anyone noticed?

There was nothing to be suspicious about, Tenney insisted. Keinan snapped, "All normal procedures were followed."

Barcella persisted Wasn't a shipment like this to a ninety-eight-man defense force already being equipped by the United States ludicrous on the face of it? Why wasn't the end-user certificate verified as was customary? "I know you don't have an embassy in Antigua," Barcella said "but you have them in the Dominican Republic and in Washington Didn't the military attache in either place check out the order?"

"It wasn't necessary" Tenney said "Mr Sarfati's position as a special envoy was sufficient"

Keinan repeated, "Everything was done normally"

Look, Tenney said the shipping agent who had handled the container in Haifa and the naval captain who went with it would be available in a couple of days for questioning They'd fill in the gaps

Since both were theoretically private citizens, Barcella was tempted to ask what made them so different from Yair Klein But he let it go The atmosphere was tense enough

As he ushered Barcella out, Tenney said that questions were being raised in the Knesset, Israel's parliament He hoped this matter could be resolved quickly

"Me, too" Barcella said "But we don't want to replace thoroughness with haste, do we?"

"Oh tio, of course not," Tenney said.

THAT AFTERNOON Barcella phoned Klein's lawyer Yigal Shapira. Shapira was aware of the visit to the foreign ministry It was a small country Shapira said, everybody knew everybody He'd set up a session with Klein in the evening.

YAIR KLEIN WAS THE LATEST IN A STRING OF WORLD-CLASS MERCENARY ARMS PEDDLERS BARCELLA HAD MET IN HIS CAREER. HE WAS RIGHT OUT OF CENTRAL CASTING, A SWASHBUCKLER, BULLNECKED AND BUILT LIKE A FIREPLUG.

Yair Klein was the third media-described world-class mercenary terrorist Barcella had met in his career The first was Michael Townley who had fashioned the bomb that blew up Orlando Letelier for the Pinochet dictatorship in Chile The second was ex-CIA man Frank Terpil, still a fugitive, who worked with Edwin Wilson and then the Palestine Liberation Organization

Klein was right out of central casting, a swashbuckler, bullnecked and built like a fireplug, with a suntanned face and flashing white teeth Barcella saw him in a Tel Aviv restaurant called CumCum

He professed not to speak English, so everything went through Shapira. It was, Barcella thought like cross-examining a witness without knowing what he was really saying, with the defense attorney delivering all the answers It turned out that Shapira and Klein had been in the army together Barcella had the feeling that Shepira was more than just a lawyer in this

Via Shapira, Klein stuck to his revised story He'd been training anti-Noriega Panamanians. It was Maurice Sarfati who had the idea of setting up a facility for this in Antigua According to Klein, he met Sarfati in Israeli circles in Miami. Sarfati took him to Antigua in the fall of 1988 where he conferred with Antiguan defense chief Lieutenant Colonel Clyde Walker He also briefly met with Vere Bird Jr, whom, Klein said Walker had introduced as "the next prime minister

Sarfati Klein said handled all the logistics of the arms shipment But after the U S invasion of Panama, the Panamanians wanted their money back Sarfati informed them that this was impossible and arranged the transshipment of the arms out of Antigua to Panama.

How Barcella asked did the weapons wind up with the Medellin drug cartel?

The Panamanians must have sold them Klein said

While Shapira had warned that Klein wouldn't discuss his activities in Colombia, Barcella managed to work in a question about Ank Afek, last seen stuffed in a car trunk in Miami Klein dismissed Afek as a bigmouth who didn't know what he was talking about He couldn't say who had done him in If he had to guess, it was the cartel.

And if Barcella wanted to know anything more about the shipment, Maurice Sarfati was the man to see. Sarfati had overseen everything from beginning to end. Klein heard now and then from Sarfati, who he believed was traveling in Europe Flashing a big smile, Klein said he'd be happy to pass the word that Barcella was looking for him

IN THE MORNING back at the foreign ministry, Barcella didn't mention the meeting with Klein to Tenney and the ever present Ehud Keinan He figured they already knew Tenney could barely contain himself as he gave Barcella a handwritten sheet of notes in Hebrew This, he declared, was why the end-user certificate had not been verified His people had just discovered it. The notes, written by an Israel Military Industries salesman precisely reflected the weapons order "placed personally by your Lieutenant Colonel Walker in Miami during the first week of October 1988"

"Who was the salesman?" Barcella asked

"That's confidential," Keinan said

"Come on A salesman who's anonymous isn't going to make many sales"

Tenney looked uncomfortable Keinan just shrugged. That's just the way it was

All at once, Barcella was sure he knew who this mystery man was In the documents he'd been handed the day before, there was a letter from Maurice Sarfati to Israel Military Industries confirming the order as outlined by someone whose name had been whited out But the letter Tenney handed Barcella was an original copy so that what was being hidden unlike a Xerox, would be revealed when it was held up to the light.

In his hotel room, Barcella had done exactly that The whited-out name was that of Pinchas Shachar not another dime-a-dozen colonel, but a retired brigadier general Why was this Shachar such a hot ticket? Obviously he was not your ordinary military-hardware salesman Maybe Israel had its own version of Iran-contra going and hadn't or wouldn't face up to it

From Tel Aviv, Ed Seibert telephoned Joe Lodge, the Miami manager of Business Risks, and asked him to get a line on Shachar He soon regretted it After hooking up with an old CIA pal stationed in Israel, he was warned to be careful about calls—considering Barcella's mission, chances were their phones and rooms had been bugged.

The following day there was a final go-around in Tenney's office when Barcella met the shipping agent who handled the container in Haifa Jacob Pigeon, and Philip Earon the captain who had been on board the *Else TH* Besides Ehud Keinan there was a new addition to the proceedings the legal counsel to Israel Military Industries

Pigeon's explanation for the discrepancies between the invoice in Israel and the one provided to Antiguan customs was that his daughter had made mistakes in copying it She just wasn't a very good typist It was as simple as that.

For his part, Earon insisted that the *Else TH* had stayed through the weekend in St Johns because he was told the dock crews didn't work Saturdays and Sundays At no point, he insisted, did he discuss the contents of the container left on the quay with anyone in Antigua When Barcella asked if he noticed the second ship, the *Seapoint*, at anchorage in the harbor, Earon spoke for several minutes with the legal adviser before he replied, "Yes" Beyond this, he could not say what happened to the container

There had been other containers aboard the *Else TH*, Barcella said. What was in them?

Sorry Keinan said, it was nobody's business but Israel's

After twenty more minutes of trying to get an answer out of Keinan, Barcella decided to call it quits Ever the diplomat, Tenney said that he hoped Barcella would report that the government of Israel had cooperated fully in the inquiry Tenney put a lot of emphasis on fully

THE REASON FOR THE ISRAELI foreign ministry's bungled attempt to keep Shachar's name out of the shipment became apparent when Ed Seibert got back to Miami In the dossier waiting for him Seibert learned that Brigadier General Pinchas Shachar had retired from the Israeli Defense Force in 1980 He headed up an export/import firm that shared the same Miami corporate address listed for Pessach Ben-Or already identified as a key player in Israel's arms sales to Central and Latin America According to law enforcement sources Shachar had recently been conducting business in New York with various individuals known to be former members of the Mossad

Shachar in fact had taken off for Israel right after Seibert made his inquiry about him on the phone from Tel Aviv Now Shachar's son was manning the office Seibert paid a call pretending to represent a Latin American general interested in some arms purchases "You know how it is," Seibert said "My general will only speak to your general" The son said he understood perfectly and gave Seibert a number in Israel where his father could be reached

When Larry Barcella telephoned Shachar he could hear the audible gulp eight thousand miles away over the line after he said who he was and why he was calling

"We're conducting an investigation" Barcella said "about how that shipment of arms to Antigua was diverted to Colombia. We met with some people in your foreign ministry and received some documents indicating you played a role in this"

"No, no!" Shachar yelled "This is not true I have nothing to do with this. I will be very upset if my name appears anywhere. How do I know you are legitimate, who you say you are?"

Barcella suggested he get in touch with Ambassador Zvi Tenney He'd call back in two days

When the two next spoke, Shachar's tone was slightly less defensive. He said he had spoken to Tenney He really didn't have that much to tell He had met in Miami with an Antiguan army officer named Walker who had given him a wish list of weapons Shachar said he had passed this on to Israel Military Industries received price quotes and relayed them to Walker That was it "I didn't even get a commission," he said, as if this were final confirmation of his veracity

Shachar it seems wasn't telling the whole truth Barcella supplied the general's name to the Antiguan police An examination of airport entry cards came up negative. But a painstaking review of hotel registration records for the past year revealed that both Yair Klein and Pinchas Shachar had been to Antigua twice, staying at a resort called Trade Winds Maurice Sarfati had managed to bypass immigration by ushering them through the airport's VIP lounge Their first visit was when the antiterrorist" training-school project was being cooked up The second was less than two weeks before the *Else TH* arrived in St Johns with the arms from Haifa

Tracing the money trail Seibert learned that the original payment started from a secret Panamanian account Yair Klein maintained, then was passed along multiple U S banks before reaching Israel Military Industries through an account Pinchas Shachar had in Miami Who got the $1 million-plus profit remained unresolved Barcella's bet was Shachar Klein and Sarfati

And in Colombia, Barcella and Seibert learned that the discovery of the arms on Rodriguez Gacha's ranch was considered a fluke Colombia's intelligence agency DAS believed that at least three other Israeli shipments which included rocket-propelled grenades light antitank weapons, and guns, had been delivered to Medellin Colombia issued an extradition warrant for Yair Klein, but Israel refused to honor it, claiming that it first had to determine if Klein contravened any Israeli laws

For Barcella, the whitewash was on the wall

ALTHOUGH ISRAEL HAD AT FIRST denied issuing a permit to Klein to operate in Colombia it now reversed itself A permit had been approved but Klein failed to renew it To avoid an embarrassing trial, to say nothing of returning him to the tender mercies of Colombia Klein was then allowed to plea bargain to a charge of illegally exporting military hardware and expertise to "an organization of cattle ranchers" in Colombia. There was no mention of the assassination of presidential candidate Luis Carlos Galan No mention of the Medellin drug cartel. And no mention of the arms shipment to Antigua

Klein's sentence was a year—suspended—plus probation and a $35,000 fine. "It's not as if he committed murder or anything," his lawyer Yigal Shapira, said "This is like a contractor who builds without a license."

Brigadier General Pinchas Shachar as luck would have it, wasn't charged with anything And Maurice Sarfati, still traveling in Europe, was unavailable for comment If nothing else, he had the fate of Ank Afek to dwell upon

Presumably to allay any misgivings, Israeli prime minister Yitzhak Shamir himself was quoted as saying, "I know our officers I cannot believe they have been involved in such crimes"

There was a beneficial fallout elsewhere for alleged conspirators In Antigua, in an official inquiry based on leads provided by Barcella and his team, Vere Bird Jr insisted that his signature on the end-user's certificate was a forgery And Clyde Walker swore that he'd only gone to Miami to buy goods for his family's notions store Absent any Israeli evidence, to the contrary, no criminal charges were brought, whatever the two may have gained from their relationship with the Israelis remained an official mystery Although Vere Jr finally resigned his cabinet post under pressure, he is still a member of parliament, thus setting up an eventual electoral showdown with his brother

Most important, as it now stood, the Israeli arms-sales network in Miami rolled merrily on For Larry Barcella this was the most ominous result of the apparent cover-up After all there were still plenty of customers south of the border—possibly even in Colombia where other cocaine cartels remain alive and well. ■

If you think pro football is all broken noses and shattered knees,

you're wrong.

It's worse.

No Pain, No Game

By Mark Kram

Observe, please, the human skeleton, 208 bones perfectly wrought and arranged: the feet built on blocks, the shin bones like a Doric column. Imagine an engineer being told to come up with the vertebral column from scratch. After years, he might produce a primitive facsimile—only to hear the utterly mad suggestion: Okay, now lay a nerve cord of a million wires through the column, immune to injury from any movement. Everywhere the eye goes over the skeleton, there is a new composition: the voluting Ionic thigh, Corinthian capitals, Gothic buttresses, baroque portals. While high above, the skull roof arches like the cupola of a Renaissance cathedral: the repository of a brain that has taken all this frozen music to the bottom of the ocean, to the moon, and to a pro football field—the most antithetical place on earth for the aesthetic appreciation of 208 bones.

After nine years in the NFL, Joey Browner of the Vikings is a scholar of the terrain and a rapt listener to the skeleton—the latter being rather noisy right now and animated in his mind. It is Monday morning, and all over the land the bill is being presented to some large, tough men for playing so fearlessly with the equation of mass times velocity—only the backup quarterback bullets out of bed on recovery day. The rest will gimp, hobble, or crawl to the bathroom, where contusions are counted like scattered coins, and broken noses, ballooned with mucus and blood, feel like massive ice floes. Browner unpacks each leg from the bed as if they were rare glassware, then stands up. The feet and calves throb from the turf. The precious knees have no complaint. The thigh is still properly Ionic. The vertebral column whimpers for a moment. Not a bad Monday, he figures, until he tries to raise his right arm.

The bathroom mirror tells him it's still of a piece. It's partially numb, the hand is hard to close, and the upper arm feels as if it's been set upon by the tiny teeth of small fish. Pain is a personal insult—and not good for business, he knows the poh-

The NFL's bottom line: "It's not good for business," says safety Joey Browner, "if you care for a second whether blood is bubbling from a guy's mouth."

Left: Neil Leifer

"IT'S THE GAME. IF YOU CAN'T GO TO STUD, YOU'RE GONE."

"I've had at least a dozen concussions," Ronnie Lott boasts. "That doesn't count the times I've been sent to never-never land."

ties of injury in the NFL. Annoyed, his mind caroms through the fog of plays from the day before, finally stops on a helmet, sunlit and scratched, a blur with a wicked angle that ripped into his upper arm like a piece of space junk in orbit. He rubs *dippyong*—an Oriental balm—on the point of impact, dresses slowly then slides into an expensive massage chair as he begins to decompress to a background tape of Chopin nocturnes, quieting and ruminative, perfect for firing off Zen bolts of self-healing concentration to his arm.

By the next morning, after re-creating his Monday damage probe, he appears more worried about his garden of collard greens and flower bed of perennials—given the shape of his arm, most of hypochondriacal America would now be envisioning amputation. That is what Browner would like to do, so eager is he to conceal the injury, so confident is he that he could play with one and a half arms. At six-three, 230 pounds, he is a diligent smasher of cupolas who has made more than one thousand tackles in his career. He is the first $1 million safety in NFL history, a six-time All-Pro, and a two-time conscriptee to the all-Madden team, an honor given out to those who have no aversion to dirt, blood, and freeway collision.

His only peer is Ronnie Lott, with whom he played at USC. Lott put the safety position on the map, invested it with identity, separated it from the slugging linebackers and the butterfly cornerbacks. It is the new glamour position in the NFL, due in part to CBS's John Madden, a joyful and precise bone counter who always knows where the wreckage will be. With schedule parity, the outlawing of the spear, the clothesline, and the chop block, with excessive holding, and so many tinkerings to increase scoring, pro football veered toward the static on TV. Madden, it's clear, wanted to bring some good old whomp back to the game, and he found his men in players like Lott and Browner. Now the cameras are sensitive to the work of safeties, the blackjacks of the defensive secondary.

Of all hitters, they have the best of it: time and space for fierce acceleration, usually brutal angles, and wide receivers who come to them like scraps of meat being tossed into a kennel. Lott delineates their predatory zest in his book, *Total Impact*, saying that during a hit, "my eyes close, roll back into my head . . . snot sprays out of my nostrils, covering my mouth and cheeks." His ears ring, his brain goes blank, and he gasps for air. He goes on to broaden the picture: "If you want to find out if you can handle being hit by Ronnie Lott, here's what you do. Grab a football, throw it in the air, and have your best friend belt you with a baseball bat. No shoulder pads. No helmet. Just you, your best friend, and the biggest Louisville Slugger you can find."

Like medical students, pro players do not often dwell on the reality of the vivisection room, so Lott is an exception, a brilliant emoter with a legitimate portfolio, but still a man who has a lot of pages to fill with body parts and brute-man evocations. Browner has no marquee to live up to—except on the field. He is a star though not easily accessible to media tranquil Minnesota, distant from the hype apparatus on both coasts, part of a team that always seems to avoid the glory portioned to it annually in preseason forecasts.

Tuesdays are black days at a losing team's quarters, soft on the body and miserable for the mind. It is the day when coaches slap cassettes of failure into machines, vanish, then emerge with performances graded, carefully selecting their scapegoats. Good humor is bankrupt. On this Tuesday, Viking coach Jerry Burns looks much like Livia in *I Claudius*, who in so many words scorches her gladiators, saying: "There will be plenty of money for the living and a decent burial for the dead. But if you let me down again, I'll break you, I'll send the lot of you to the mines of New Media." Browner smiles at the notion. "That's it—pro football," he says. "You don't need me."

"No tears like Lott?" he is asked.

"No tears," he says. "I guess I don't have much of a waterworks."

"No snot?"

He laughs. "He must have some nose."

"What's total impact?"

"Like a train speeding up your spinal cord and coming out your ear. When it's bad."

"When it's good?"

"When you're the train. Going through 'em and then coming out and feeling like all their organs are hanging off the engine."

"You need rage for that?"

"Oh, yeah," he says. "The real kind. No chemicals."

"Chemicals? Like amphetamines?"

"Well, I don't know that," he says, shifting in his chair. "Just let's say that you can run into some abnormal folks out there. I keep an eye on the droolers."

"Your rage, then?"

"From pure hitting," he says. "Controlled by years of Zen study. I'm like the sun and storm, which moves through bamboo. Hollow on the inside, hard and bright on the outside. Dumb rage chains you up. But I got a lot of bad sky if I gotta go with a moment."

"Ever make the perfect hit?"

"I've been looking for it for years."

"What would it feel like?"

"It would *feel* like you've launched a wide receiver so far he's splashed and blinkin' like a number on the scoreboard. That's what you're after mostly."

"Sounds terrible."

"It's the game," he says, coolly. "If you can't go to stud anymore, you're gone."

"I get the picture."

"How can you?" he asks, with a tight grin. "You'd have to put on the gear for the real picture."

There is no dramaturgy with Browner, just a monotone voice, a somnolent gaze that seems uninterested in cheerful coexistence. Or perhaps, he is a model of stately calm. His natural bent is to listen. He does come close to the psychological sketch work of Dr. Arnold Mandell, a psychiatrist with the San Diego Chargers some years back who visited the dark corners of a football player's mind. Now in Florida, Mandell says: "Take quarterbacks: two dominant types who succeed—the arrogant limit-testers and the hyperreligious with the calm of a believer. Wide receivers, quite interested in their own welfare, they strive for elegance, being pretty, the stuff of actors. Defensive backs, very smart, given to loneliness, alienation; they hate structure, destroy without conscience, especially safeties."

Is that right? "I don't know," says Joey. "But it's not good for business if you care for a second whether blood is bubbling out of a guy's mouth." Highlighted by cornices of high bone, his eyes are cold and pale, like those of a leopard, an animal whose biomechanics he has studied and will often watch in wildlife films before a game. An all-purpose predator with a quick pounce, no wasted motion, the leopard can go up a tree for a monkey ("just like going up for a wide receiver") or move out from behind a bush with a brutal rush of energy ("just what you need for those warthog running backs"). The mind tires for the image of him moving like a projectile, so massive and quick, hurling into muscle and bone. It eludes, and there are on it aftermaths, unrelated to Browner. Kansas City quarterback Steve DeBerg served up the horrors in a reprise of hits he has taken: his elbow spurting blood so badly that his mother thought the hitter used a screwdriver; a shot to the throat that left him whispering and forced him to wear a voice box on his mask for the next six games; and this memorable encounter with Tampa Bay's Lee Roy Selmon: "Lee Roy squared up on me. The first thing that hit the ground was the back of my head. I was blind in my left eye for more than a half hour—and I didn't even know it. I went to the team doctor and he held up two fingers. I couldn't see the left sides of the fingers—the side Selmon had come from. I sat on the bench for a quarter."

Browner offers to bring you closer to the moment of impact. He puts some tape into the machine and turns off the lights. The figures up on the screen are black and white, flying about like bats in a silent, horrific dream. Suddenly there is Christian Okoye, of the Chiefs, six-one, 260 pounds, a frightful excrescence from the gene pool, rocketing into the secondary, with Joey meeting him point blank—and then wobbling off of him like a blown tire. "*Boooom!*" he says. "A head full of flies. For me, I learned. You don't hit Okoye. He hits you. You have to put a meltdown on him. First the upper body, then slide to the waist, then down to the legs—and pray for the cavalry." Another snapshot, a wide receiver climbing for the ball, with Browner firing toward him. "*Whaaack!*" he says. "There goes his helmet. There goes the ball. And his heart. Sometimes. You hope." The receiver sprawls on the ground, his legs kicking. Browner looks down at him. Without taunting or joy, more like a man admiring a fresco, "I'm looking at his eyes dilating," he says. "Just looking at the artwork. The trouble is, on the next play I could be the painting." Can he see fear in receivers?

"You don't see much in their eyes," he says. "They're con men, pickpockets."

"Hits don't bother them?"

"Sure, but you tell it in their aura. When you're ready to strike, you're impeding it, and you can tell if it's weak, strong, or out there just to be out there."

"So they do have fear?"

"Maybe for a play or two. You can't count on it. They may be running a game on you. Just keep putting meat on meat until something gives. But a guy like Jerry Rice, he'll keep comin' at you, even if you've left him without a head on the last play."

"The film seems eerie without sound."

"That's how it is out there. You don't hear. You're in another zone."

"So why not pad helmets? That's been suggested by some critics."

"Are you kidding?" he says. "Sound sells in the living rooms. Puts backsides in BarcaLoungers for hours. The sound of violence, man. Without it, the NFL would be a Japanese tea ceremony."

Owner Al Davis told him he was paid to be a warhead, Jack Tatum says. Anyone who "came near me should be knocked into hell."

The sound, though, is just the aural rumor of conflict, much like the echo of considerable ram horn after a territorial sorting-out high up in the mountain rocks. NFL Films, the official conveyer of sensory tease, tries mightily to bottle the ingredient, catching the thwack of microcheung helmets, the seismic crash of plastic pads, and every reaction to pain from gasp to groan. Network coverage has to settle for what enters the living room as a strangulated muffle. But in the end, the sound becomes commonplace, with the hardcore voyeur, rapidly inured in these times, wondering: *What is it really like down there?* It has the same dulling result as special effects in movies: more is never enough, and he knows there is *more*. Like Browner says: "Whatever a fan thinks he's seeing or hearing has to be multiplied a hundred times—and they should imagine themselves in the middle of all this with an injury that would keep them home from work in real life for a couple of weeks."

What they are not seeing, hearing—and feeling—is the hitting and acceleration of 250-pound packages: kinetic energy, result of the mass times speed equation. "Kinetic energy," says Mandell, "is the force that dents cars on collision." He recalls the first hit he ever saw on the sidelines with the Chargers. "My nervous system," he says, "never really recovered until close to the end of the game. The running back was down on his back. His mouth was twitching. His eyes were closed. Our linebacker was down too, holding his shoulder and whimpering quietly. I asked him at half time what the hit felt like. He said, 'It felt warm all over.'" TV production, fortunately, can't produce Mandell's response. But there still remains the infant potential of virtual reality, the last technological stop for the transmission of visceral sensation. What a rich market there: the semireality of a nose tackle, chop-shopped like an old bus; the psychotic rush of a defensive end; the Cuisinarted quarterback, and most thrilling of all, the wide receiver in an entrechat, so high, so phosphorescent, suddenly erased like a single firefly in a dark wood.

Quite a relief, too, for play by play and color men, no longer having to match pallid language with picture and sound. Just a knowing line: "Well, we don't have to tell you about that hit, you're all rubbing your spleens out there, aren't you, eh?" But for now, faced with such a deep vein of images, they try hard to support them with frenetic language that, on just one series of plays, can soar with flights of caroming analysis. War by other means? Iambic pentameter of human motion? The mysterioso of playbooks, equal to pro football as quark physics? For years they played with the edges of what's going on below as if it might be joined with a 7-Eleven stickup or the national murder rate. It is Pete Gent's suspicion (the ex-Cowboy and author of *North Dallas Forty*) that the NFL intruded heavily on descriptions of violence, as it has with the more killer-ape philosophies of certain

coaches If so, it is a censorship of nicety, an NFL public relations device to obscure its primary gravity—choreographed violence.

But claw and tooth are fast gaining in the language in the booth, as if the networks are saying, Well for all these millions, why should we struggle for euphemism during a head sapping? Incapable of delicate evasion, John Madden was the pioneer Ever since, the veld has grown louder in decibel and candid depiction Thus, we now have Dan Dierdorf on *Monday Night Football* part troll, part Enrico Fermi of line play and Mother Teresa during the interlude of injury (caring isn't out—not yet) There's Joe Theismann of ESPN—few better with physicality especially with the root canal work done on quarterbacks Even the benignity of Frank Gifford seems on the verge of collapse He blurted recently "People have to understand today it's a violent, vicious game." All that remains to complete the push toward veracity is the addition of Mike Ditka to the corps He said in a recent interview "I love to see people hit people Fair square, within the rules of the game If people don't like it, they shouldn't watch "

Big Mike seems to be playing fast and loose with TV ratings—the grenade on the head of the pin Or is he? He's not all *Homo erectus* he knows the show biz fastened heavily to the dreadful physics of the game "Violence is what the NFL sells " Jon Morris of the Bears, a fifteen-year veteran, once said. "They say they don t, but they do " The NFL hates the V-word, socially. It's a hot button more than ever Like drugs, violence carries with it the threat of reform from explainers who dog the content of movies and TV for sources as to why we are nearly the most violent society on earth Pete Rozelle was quick to respond when John Underwood wrote a superb series in *Sports Illustrated* on NFL brutality a decade back He condemned the series calling it irresponsible, though some wits though he did so only because Underwood explored the possibility of padding helmets

Admittedly it is not easy to control a game that is inherently destructive to the body Tip the rules to the defense, and you have nothing more than gang war, move them too far toward the offense, and you have mostly conflict without resistance Part of the NFL dilemma is in its struggle between illusion and reality it wants to stir the blood without you really absorbing that it is blood It also luxuriates in its image of the American war game, strives to be the perfect metaphor for Clausewitz's ponderings about real war tactics (circa 1832, i e stint on blood and you lose) The warrior ethic is central to the game, and no coach or player can succeed without astute attention to the precise fashioning of a warrior mentality (loss of self) defined by Ernie Barnes, formerly of the Colts and Chargers as "the aggressive nature that knows no safety zones "

Whatever normal is sustaining that degree of pure aggression for sixteen seventeen Sundays each season (military officers will tell you it s not attainable regularly in real combat) can t be part of it.

RONNIE LOTT'S FANTASY CAMP: "GRAB A FOOTBALL, THROW IT IN THE AIR, AND HAVE YOUR BEST FRIEND BELT YOU WITH A BASEBALL BAT."

"It s a war in every sense of the word," wrote Jack Tatum of the Raiders in *They Call Me Assassin*. Tatum, maybe the preeminent hitter of all time, broke the neck of receiver Darryl Stingley putting him in a wheelchair for life by most opinions it was a legal hit. He elaborated "Those hours before a game are lonely and tough I think about, even fear, what can happen " If a merciless intimidator like Tatum could have fear about himself and others, it becomes plain that before each game players must find a room down a dark and distant hall not reachable by ordinary minds

So how do they get there, free from fear for body and performance? "When I went to the Colts," says Barnes, "and saw giant stars like Gino Marchetti and Big Daddy Lipscomb throwing up before a game, I knew this was serious shit, and I had to get where they were living in their heads " Job security, more money, and artificial vendettas flamed by coaches and the press can help to a limited point So can acute memory selection, the combing of the mind for enraging moments With the Lions, Alex Karras took the memory of his father dying and leaving the family poor, the anger of his having to choose football over drama school because of money kept him sufficiently lethal If there is no moment, one has to be imagined "I had to think of stuff " said Jean Fugett of the Cowboys The guy opposite him had to become the man who "raped my mother "

But for years, the most effective path to the room was the use of amphetamines. Hardly a book by an ex-player can be opened without finding talk about speed. Fran Tarkenton cites the use of "all sorts" of uppers especially by defensive linemen seeking "the final plateau of endurance and competitive zeal " Johnny Sample of the Jets said they ate them "like candy " Tom Bass even wrote a poem about "the man" (speed) a crutch he depended on more than his playbook. Dave Meggysey observed that the "violent and brutal" player on television is merely "a synthetic product." Bernie Parrish of the Browns outlined how he was up to fifteen five milligram tablets before each game, "in the never-ending search for the magic elixir " The NFL evaded reality just as it would do with the proliferation of cocaine and steroids in the Eighties

The authority on speed and pro football is Dr Mandell, an internationally respected psychiatrist when he broke the silence He joined the Chargers at the behest of owner Gene Klein and found a netherland of drugs, mainly speed One player told him "the difference between a star and a superstar was a superdose." Mandell tried to wean the players off speed and to circumvent the use of dangerous street product He began by counseling and prescribing slowly diminishing doses, the way you handle most habits When the NFL found out, it banned him from the Chargers Mandell went public with his findings, telling of widespread drug use, of how he had proposed urine tests and was rebuffed The NFL went after his license, he says and the upshot was that after a fifteen-day hearing—with Dr Jonas Salk as one of his character witnesses—he was put on five-year probation he resigned his post at the University of California-San Diego where he had helped set up the medical school.

"Large doses of amphetamines," he says now, "induce pre-psychotic paranoid rage "

"What's that mean?" he is asked

"The killer of presidents " he says

"How would this show up on the field?"

"One long temper tantrum," he says "Late hits kicks to the body and head, overkill insulting of the quarterback."

"How about before a game?"

"Aberrant behavior When I first got up close in a dressing room, it was like being in another world Lockers being torn apart Players staring catatonically into mirrors I was afraid to go to the center of the room for fear of bumping one of them."

"Is speed still in use?"

"I don't know " he says "I'd be surprised if it wasn t, especially among older players who have seen and heard it all and find it hard to get it up Speed opened the door for cocaine. After speed, cocaine mellows you down " He pauses says thoughtfully "The game exacts a terrible toll on players "

JOEY BROWNER IS ASKED "At what age would you take your pension?"

"At forty-five," he says

"The earliest age, right?"

"Yeah "

"Should the NFL fund a longevity study for players?"

"Certainly "

"Are they interested in the well-being of players? Long term or short term?"

"Short term "

"Any physical disabilities?"

"Can't write a long time with my right hand This finger here [forefinger] can t go back. It goes numb "

"How hard will the transition be from football?"

"I'll miss the hitting," he says

"If someone told you that you might be losing ten to twenty years on your life, would you do it again?"

"Wouldn't think twice. It's a powerful thing in me."

"They say an NFL player of seven years takes 130 000 full-speed hits Sound right?"

"Easy And I remember every one "

Browner was answering modified questions put to 440 ex-players during a 1988 *Los Angeles Times* survey Seventy-eight percent of the players said they had disabilities 60 percent said the NFL was not interested in their well-being, and 78 percent wanted a longevity study Browner was with the majority on each question What jolted the most was that pro football players (66 percent of them) seem to be certain they are dying before their time, and that 55 percent would play again regardless The early death rate has long been a whisper without scientific foundation "We're now trying to get to the bottom of this idea," says Dr Sherry Baron who recently began a study for the National Institute for Occupational Safety and Health "From the replies we get, a lot of players are nervous out there "

The Jobs Rated Almanac seemed to put the NFL player near the coal miner when it ranked 250 occupations for work environment Judged on stress outlook, physical demands security, and income, the NFL player rose out of the bottom 10 only in income. With good reason. The life is awful if you care to look past the glory and the money disability underwriters, when they don t back off altogether approach the pro as they would a career bridge jumper Randy Burke (former Colt), age thirty two when he replied to the *Times* survey, catches the life, commenting on concussions "I can talk clearly but ever since football my words get stuck together I don t know what to expect next." And Pete Gent says "I went to an orthopedic surgeon and he told me I had the skeleton of a seventy-year-old man "

Pro football players will do anything to keep taking the next step As it is noted in Ecclesiastes, *There is a season*—one time, baby To that end, they will balloon up or sharpen bodies to murderous specification (steroids), and few are the ones who will resist the Novocain and the long needles of muscle-freezing, tissue-rotting cortisone Whatever it takes to keep the life. A recent report from Ball State University reveals the brevity and psychic pain One out of three players leaves because of injury 40 percent have financial difficulties and one of three is divorced within six months many remember the anxiety of career separation setting in within hours of knowing it was over

What happens to so many of them? They land on the desk of Milo Yaras, the curator of "the horror shop" for the NFL Players Association It is her job to battle for disability benefits from the pension fund overseen by three reps from her side, three from the owners For some bizarre reason, perhaps out of a deep imprinting of loyalty and team, players come to her thinking the game will be there for them when they leave it it isn t, and their resentment with coaches, team doctors and ego sick owners rises. Her war for benefits is often long and bitter, outlined against a blizzard of psychiatric and medical paperwork for and against She has seen it all from the young player, depressed and hypertensive, who tried to hurtle his wheelchair in front of a truck (the team doctor removed the wrong cartilage from his knee) to the forty-year old who can't bend over to play with his children, from the drinkers of battery acid to the ex-Cowboy found wandering on the desert

"It s very difficult to qualify," Yaras says "The owners will simply not recognize the degenerative nature of injuries The plan is well overfunded It could afford temporary relief to many more than it does I even have a quadriplegic. The doctor for the owners wrote that his brain is intact, and he can move his arm someday he'll be able to work.' They think selling pencils out of an iron lung is an occupation "

ON SATURDAY, Joey Browner begins to feel the gathering sound of Sunday, bloody Sunday He goes to his dojo for his work on *iado*, an art of Japanese swordsmanship—not like karate, just exact, ceremonial patterns of cutting designed to put the mind out there on the dangerous edge of things He can't work the long katana now because, after thirty needles in his arm a couple of days before, it was found that he had nerve damage. So, wearing a robe, he merely extends the katana, his gaze fixed on the dancing beams of the blade, making you think of twinkling spinal lights What does he see? The heads of clever arrogant running backs? Who knows? He s looking and he sees what he sees And after a half hour you can almost catch in his eyes the rush of the leopard toward cover behind the bush where he can already view the whole terrible beauty of the game, just a pure expression of gunshot hits, all of it for the crowd that wants to feel its own alphaness, for the crowd that hears no screams other than its own, and isn't it all so natural, he thinks a connective to prehistoric hunting bands and as instinctually human as the impulse to go down and look at the bright, pounding sea ■

THE BACKUP QUARTERBACK BULLETS OUT OF BED ON RECOVERY DAY. THE REST CRAWL TO THE BATHROOM TO COUNT CONTUSIONS.

"IT'S A WAR IN EVERY SENSE OF THE WORD."—JACK TATUM

Better Days

Life at Chateau Marmont: The Sequel

"If you must get into trouble," Harry Cohn warned Glenn Ford and William Holden in 1939, when they were young Hollywood studs newly signed to contracts, "do it at the Marmont."

It was always that kind of hotel, a place that provided sufficient privacy, laxity, eccentricity, and thickness of wall to allow you to enjoy your trouble away from prying ears and eyes. Even getting to your room from the underground garage could be accomplished without ever setting foot in the lobby—though the lobby was so grandiose back then that most people loved wafting through it, touching the piano keys, pretending to be in a château on the Loire, which is where the Marmont (which opened in 1929) was designed to make you think you were.

In later years, though, some felt that the Chateau had taken its laissez-faire attitude a little too far when the place began to lack amenities like shower heads and working telephones and hallway carpets—well, I mean, so little care had gone into maintaining it that even people who *liked* seedy hotels thought it was too much. Even people who *wanted* to feel depressed started staying away.

If the Marlboro man could talk, he might divulge what went on behind the door of room 49, where Glenn Ford and William Holden were sent for bad behavior.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ISABEL SNYDER

Then, a year or so ago, a pair of New Yorkers, André Balazs and Campion Platt, bought the Chateau and began fixing it up, and now they're done. And how dramatic is the difference?

"So little has been changed," Balazs says, "that even Wally Shawn didn't know the hotel had been sold, and he, you know, is the type to worry. People are worried we're going to wreck it, but we've been very careful thinking about how to restore it. We had three model rooms worked out, but there was always something wrong, something that didn't go with the history, something grating."

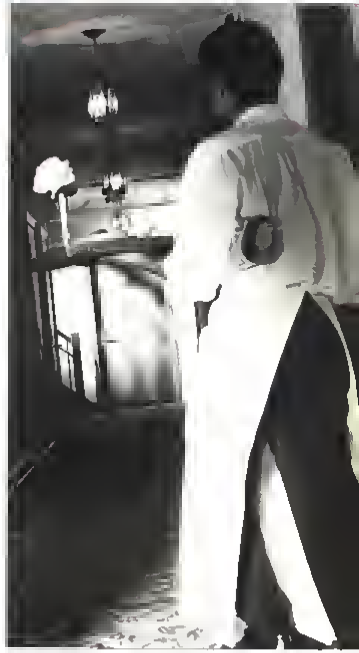
As he speaks he is heading toward the official model room, and there's a certain fear, as he reaches for the door, that somebody from New York couldn't possibly get the Chateau right. But then he opens the door and, except for not wanting to kill myself when I walk into the room, the Chateau feeling is the same as ever. Only cleaner. It's as though the Chateau had died and gone to heaven. Even some of the same all-wrong furniture is there, like the kitchen table that looks like it belongs in somebody's living room—but then the Chateau was never much for housewives, it was a place where women who didn't cook ordered up from Greenblatt's, and all that went in the little refrigerator was vodka. (Except maybe for Garbo, who used to make vegetable stew in her room.)

I had been worried that the kind of people the Chateau used to attract—the kind of people who *like* to spill things, things like wine, blood, whiskey, cocaine, ashes, and bodily fluids, people like John Belushi, who spilled *everything* here one night—might no longer feel at home. Then I look further inside the room and see the Martha Washington bedspreads still in place and that none of the lamps match, and I know that it isn't going to be too much of a shock.

In L.A., the impulse to tear down anything good but old and rebuild it crummy and different is so rampant that the only things anybody tries to restore are women's faces. Now the Chateau Marmont is getting a chance to come into the present and be charming again, and even if the romantic depressiveness of the hotel is lost, I have to rise above my nostalgic despair and be glad.

—Eve Babitz

Over the years Chateau Marmont employees have had to endure weird hygienic demands from Howard Hughes, the public display of drying laundry by Paul Newman, a fall from a second-story window by Jim Morrison, and the challenge of filling Debra Winger's bathtub using teapots of hot water.



Among the hotel's more eccentric accommodations was the ladies' room vestibule, where Billy Wilder was put up. Opposite: The staff, including one of the owners, André Balazs, in stripes, in the front courtyard. Inset: The door to bungalow 3, where John Belushi died.

It's time for a change to Gallo.

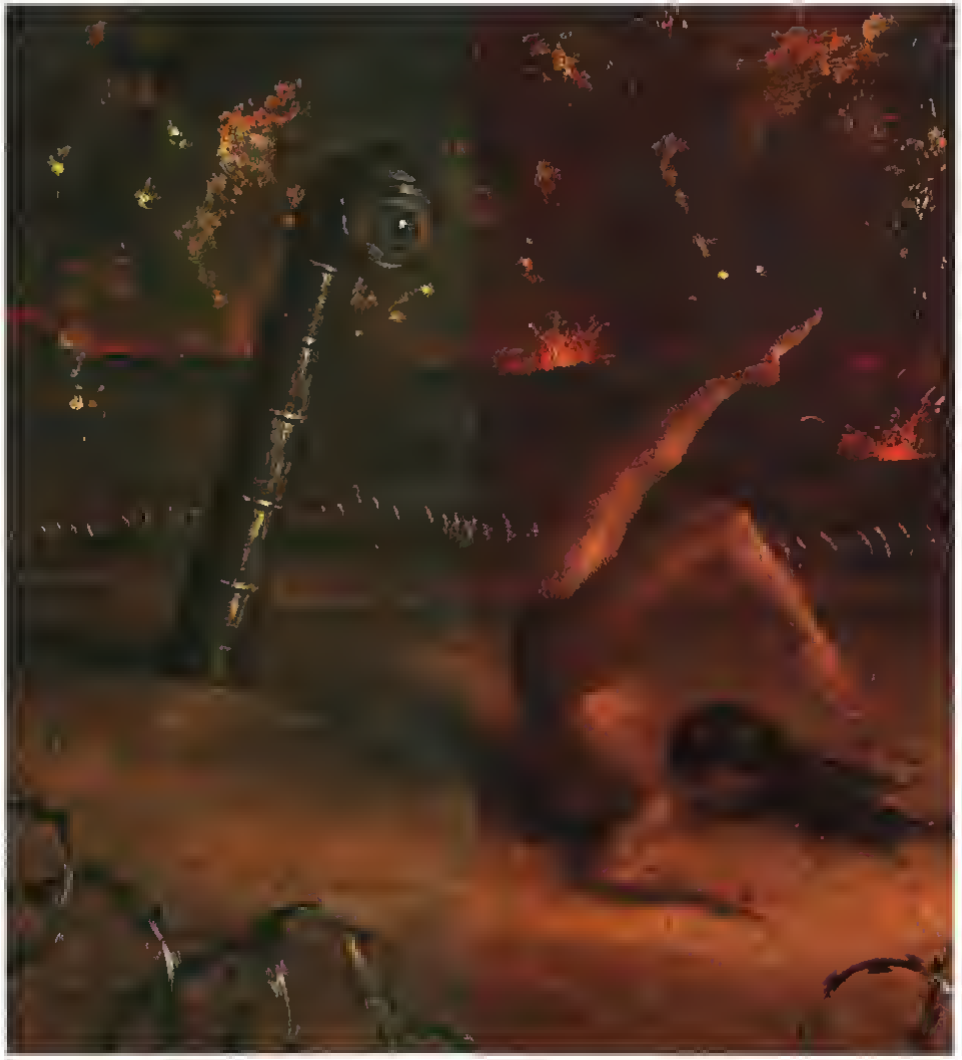
There is no better way to enhance the subtle flavor of these chicken medallions and fresh spinach, than with our very special 1989 Sauvignon Blanc. Its crisp, clean taste is a natural complement to today's cuisine.

FICTION

ROCKET LAUNCHERS, LUST, CROQUET, AND THE FALL OF THE WEST

BY BARRY HANNAH

BURIED SAFELY UNDER THE GULF SANDS, LOBBING EXPLOSIVES AT A RELIGIOUS AND PASSIONATE ENEMY, THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS DISCOVER THAT EVEN MOLES NEED A WHIFF OF GLORY



THOMAS WOODRUFF

HEY, THANKS, THAT ONE GOT US RIGHT IN THE MORALE, ho boys Viciously imagined. Woodoo the Arab couldn't have done it better

That one, again' very close and nasty old friend We had you in the scope very early Oh Vicksburg, Vicksburg! I am, personally the Fall of the West Hang all your hopes on my demise. Our Commander—may he strut and fuss still—we knew he had liquor, even women and Claussen's dill pickles And an indoor croquet set for him and his harem But it's plain old checkers he really loves Nobody beats him

We don't fire so many as the others over there What we fire are bigger and fewer They are not precision strikes, but who has precision anymore? Think of a television with a lime-green screen and sucking squares on it That's what's here in the buried trailer

I AM IN LOVE WITH NEWTON LEE, the girl at the end of the trailer There's no doubt about that, this is not mere propinquity She's a prisoner of war from the other side, but she has been turned around by our food and happiness You might say groomed, in fact, for the Commander, who is insatiable Against the probable, I hoped a scrub like me might win her over before the croquet and the lusting began They said he might have one of the women right on the spot, in the middle of a match They have to wear, anyway, sort of hospital gowns, open in back, with knee-length chamois boots, like the elegant Sioux brides of old. The old fox was quite a nostalgist, his twelve-year-old Scotch and the rest Wears twin bone-handled Uzis at his hips as if face-to face combat with the enemy was imminent Of course he was third-rate, too maybe fifth, but some like an antiqued fool at the top, neck-deep in the fat of the land We imagine he required so many women because he never got it right, he fouls it up time after time—the Uzi of sex.

While we have none, exactly, most of us All we have is proximity, and except for the grief provoking converted pupil Newton Lee, what would you expect? Like nuns or worse, these military girls—crooked, drab, haunted wallflowers, baritones, third-string on the pep squad. You hoped maybe for sylphs with wit and charm Nugatory Look at us, the men So funked by eccentricity and awkwardness we've got to make reservations to masturbate Trailer joke, don't blame me. We're third-stringers just like you reading this, Ma. My own courteous mild looks are a mask for veteran apathy The sad eyes shouldn't throw you, there's not really much there.

That one didn't even explode, sand nuts

Came right by the periscope, you could feel it, cracked the glass That could have stopped this screed entirely, all our spiteful monkery everything. We the pale and buried, however, live on, and someone bounds out to repair the scope, that kid mechanic stunned by one Louis L'Amour book after another, over in the corner like just another monitor, but with freckles, tennis shoes

I HAVE DELAYED A LITTLE IN THE ABOVE to reckon with gossip about my only one herself, Newton Lee I can't decide whether the information is appalling or simply phenomenal Above, I might have gone into the matter of drug gossip too, but it's so perennial and so morbidly obvious that I will only say there are good ones up here, sneaked from the labs of old dear street wizards back home, so sublimely avant-garde the detectors cannot outrun them There seems little doubt the Commander himself stayed popped on Lucille They say he adored French music, and, yes, with Lucille I'd say he adored French music about twice as much as humanly possible He was twice the tradition, he himself, that we all need here and there's no reason for us to commit inner culture individually It isn't disallowed, but it would only disaffect us more For isn't it a given that culture drags you flat away from

wherever you are and that is its main point? For instance, I am not at all the Fall of the West, nor is this remotely Vicksburg. We are not slaves. We all elected to come here. We are not brainwashed, nor patriotized by loud gatherings and flags and raving dumb career men. I suspect half of us would perish straight out if dragged back to the Motherland, Ma, that overpopulated horror of money and smart women. I *fear* money, personally. This land has its charm, and a crashing missile is a rousing spectacle, especially reaching out those phosphorous tentacles under the moon, their soldiers racing outward like happy diminishing fireworks. They go to heaven over there. Over here, we don't, having enjoyed the perfect bliss of killing others under a staggering Oriental twilight. One of them, more persistent or heroic than the rest, will run way out in the desert from the conflagration, a streamer finally dark in the sand. These sights are really moving, Ma. We call it Really Lighting Up a Loser, clap each other on the back, losers all, and gain another chevron. Esprit de corps? You might wonder, but yes, sometimes on a rare night. Nobody is of any rank whatsoever until there has been a kill, and the number of chevrons awarded is theoretically endless. With my nine years, both my sleeves are covered. It is a satisfying parity with the airmen and their insufferable aces. How I hate it when they drop in to visit the trailer, swaggering and patronizing us buried sandlings. My sleeves cause a second look, I'm glad to report, as I hope they will with Newton Lee as she converts to us. I've not pushed these emblems on her. A creep, I still have tact. You don't know what bosom connections to her people remain, though she's dropped her religion, gossip says. The chevrons, blue with white lightning on them, were the brainstorm of our Commander. I have never said the man was all bad. The meritocracy of "The Few, the Proud, the Fliers" was too long observed. We moles need our whiff of glory, too.

There are technical awards too, for refinements on the missiles by individuals.

These modifications, since the money and time are endless, can always be made even by the weakest trembling nerd as often as the temperature and barometer change, and a true mod can be implemented almost within the day. There was a sort of desert hurricane lasted a week, so fierce everybody on both sides ceased shooting altogether. But on the seventh day we got off something, turreting almost 180 degrees, into 200 mph of wind, that boomeranged right in the gale east down the track and fell on them from the rear, out of fuel but perfect, presenting itself as mere debris and creating a lot of fun like something fired on them by God back home. We could hear it blown and all the secondaries, even through the storm. This sentimental piece of genius came from Willard Niles, sheer than a monk and afflicted with spina bifida. Had I not been particularly bored and despondent—and in love with Newton Lee, more honestly—I could have taken out the board and worked it myself. The award is a black chevron upside down, and poor Niles—quietly so far to the political Right, this cripple, that he could bite his own tail, pathetically remote even from the rest of us socially dim—was rolled in to blush at a banquet in his honor, the Commander himself in attendance, with (damn it) a shocked warm eye on Newton Lee, who did some native acrobatics to Moorish music on the dial straight from the enemy's radio orchestra. Her movements were gracefully allied to a whole dance. I could only hope the others were not as agitated as I. I pleaded for the rest of the men to be as impenetrable and dumb as they looked. But I could see even the women admired her. Our world has nothing even tentatively like that meditative dance and contortion. Everybody was charmed and stilled by it and cast into another sphere. Suddenly it made you hate to kill them, kill that. She may have dropped her god, but now, with her elastic limbs, even in that sexless jumpsuit and boots, you were sorry for it. The thing she was doing—it didn't last all that long—was so delicate, natural, say inevitable, I became a meek visitor to that world. The adjectives go on, Mother, you must notice how I am grabbing around for them like buoys in a sea—the sea, nine years from it—not very much like me, but you must see it's clear I do have a heart, I've detected it, it's pumping unusual things from me, this whole piece of writing for example. Newton Lee—I'm melting in my own blather like a lib arts sophomore from yesteryear, goony on metaphors. She cooverted *me*.

They may have debriefed important secrets from her. I don't know, that's another team responsible to the Commander directly. But the thing she gave freely is what really slew. I am not going to write some long code to you about my feelings, because I want it out in bright mother tongue on the page. I would, I believed, kill the Commander for her. I'm a fool, a traitor, and insane. I would kill you for her, Ma, hang me, the only mother and the only letters I get.

Believe me then that when she quit the dance I almost fainted. The Moorish music was over, and their hilarious hallucinative propaganda began, from Bedouin Bob Smith of beautiful Portland, Oregon. Nobody noticed it even to laugh, except me. The banquet was withdrawn, all was level again, but I listened to the voice of *their* convert, old Bedouin Bob.

"Water and miracles, my friends. We are still here despite all your gloomy attacks. We are still laughing, we are still dancing, we are still having our God. Did you think we had nothing all these centuries on this poor land? How long, how long, soldier, has it been since you've seen the smile of a child? Or the water? Have you, lately, walked on the very fire of missile exhaust to the grateful home of God Himself? We have. We smile at you and give thanks. Today: Hug somebody close to you and feel the dry hurt in them. Today: Come to us. Come to us. Take all the pain away." Then somebody clicked it off. We blended and resumed boring each other utterly.

WELL, HERE I'M GETTING SHY, dear Ma. One of the little drab nunoids had noticed my special eyes on Newton Lee's dance, and about a month later tugged on my sleeve. We were outside the trailer, alone, taking the air and having the twilight, a boiling orange one, I recall.

She had been a missionary among the foe several years. I heard she was of a utility to us that was wearing thin. But she was an honored patriot and they hated sending her home. Be rather like kicking a nun. Her knowledge of morals, rituals, and religion over there was profound but obsolete. She was aging swiftly. She prayed for the enemy, but this wasn't that uncommon. Intermarriage—our drab females and their opportunists—had been almost rampant a couple decades back. Maybe she'd had something romantic over there, and our missiles connected her to it. Anyway, this little woman kept a hint of emergency about her. She still gasped when we saw contrails from our side or theirs arc over the sky. For years I'd looked right through her. She might have been a stand of silicone.

"I had to tell you about Newton Lee. Only you. It's very precious and I'd not seen it in a long time."

"How's our prisoner doing?"

"Not so much doing as what she *did*. The other night among the women in our end of the trailer. Your men's bunks quiet. All of you were asleep. Two women had the scope duty." The woman smiled, like your telling me about the northern lights years ago. She seemed so serene, so waked up.

"A pure native, of a type so innocent and sincere, so unselfconscious, so generous"—she was going on with those adjectives I've vowed not to try. On the page, from me, they'd lose their reverence and join the herd, the ordinary—"and we women do hurt for something else, for God's sake, more than you men, [continued on page 120]

THE A/X FACTOR

GIORGIO ARMANI'S NEW LINE IS STYLISH AND SEXY. UNFORTUNATELY, IT'S NOT EXPENSIVE

THE CONCEPT IS STAGGERING: Giorgio Armani for less than $100? Maybe if it fell off a truck. Or if somebody left off a zero. Or a sleeve. But it's true. Last month, Armani launched his first A/X Armani Exchange store in New York, a retail shop that features clothing under $100.

A/X carries the Armani Jeans label, a complete collection of jeans and casual clothes—sweaters, blazers, T-shirts, outerwear, shorts. The basics. And while the prices may be low, the quality isn't. A/X uses only the best fabrics, and the designs are, well, very Armani. Very tailored. Very sexy.

Clearly this is not couture, but A/X isn't going to pop up on every street corner either. Aside from the New York shop, thirty A/X Armani Exchange stores are set to open by 1993, five stand-alones and twenty-five in specialty shops and better department stores.

So, will A/X spoil Giorgio Armani? Probably not. It's a bold business gamble (even for a man with $306 million in revenues last year), but a good bet. The casual merchandise won't turn off a loyal couture customer—What better to wear on weekends?—and will certainly bring in new ones. After all, it's still Armani. ■

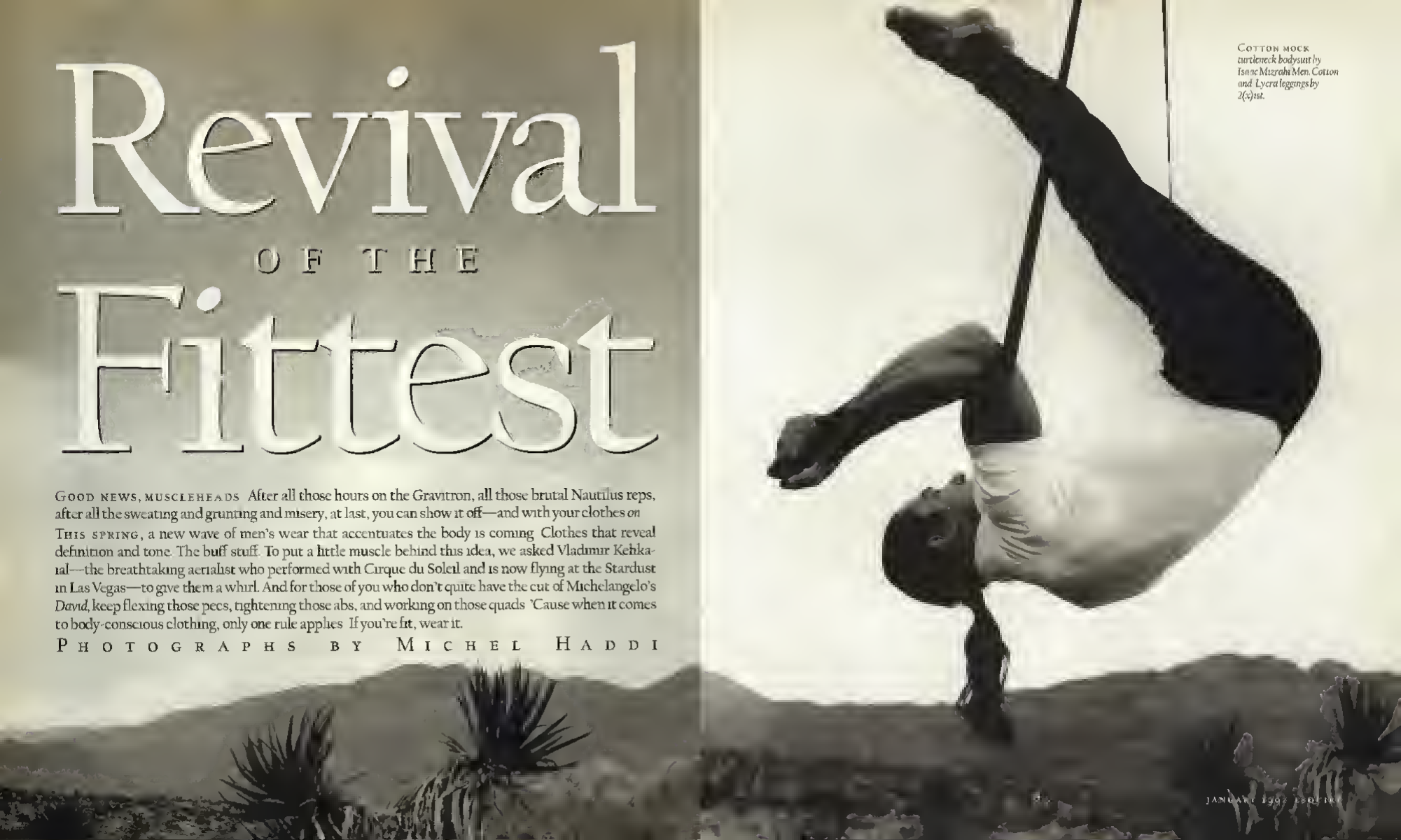
FOR STORE INFORMATION SEE PAGE 12.

STEVEN WHITE

Revival OF THE Fittest

GOOD NEWS, MUSCLEHEADS After all those hours on the Gravitron, all those brutal Nautilus reps, after all the sweating and grunting and misery, at last, you can show it off—and with your clothes *on* THIS SPRING, a new wave of men's wear that accentuates the body is coming Clothes that reveal definition and tone. The buff stuff. To put a little muscle behind this idea, we asked Vladimir Kehkaial—the breathtaking aerialist who performed with Cirque du Soleil and is now flying at the Stardust in Las Vegas—to give them a whirl. And for those of you who don't quite have the cut of Michelangelo's *David*, keep flexing those pecs, tightening those abs, and working on those quads 'Cause when it comes to body-conscious clothing, only one rule applies If you're fit, wear it.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHEL HADDI



COTTON MOCK *turtleneck bodysuit by Isaac Mizrahi Men. Cotton and Lycra leggings by 2(x)ist.*

COTTON AND-LYCRA sleeveless T shirt by 2(x)ist. Nylon shorts by Yukio Kobayashi for Matsuda.

COTTON AND-LYCRA sleeveless mock turtleneck and cotton and Lycra shorts by Robert Manuno (opposite page)

Cotton and Lycra body T shirt by Dolce & Gabbana Nylon stirrup pants by Yukio Kobayashi for Matsuda.

DUBIOUS ACHIEVEMENT AWARDS *of* 1991!

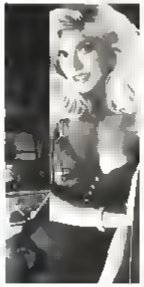
Thank you, America, for being you.

THE YEAR OF THE SEX MANIAC! Just when we thought that sex was finished—too dangerous, too incorrect, too much fun—it was back! In fact, it's everywhere. Tawdry, foolish—even illegal and horrifying—but we'll take it. And we're certain so will Alex Comfort in his no doubt forthcoming volume, *The Joy of Really Perverted Stuff*. Complimentary copies will be rushed to Clarence Thomas (whose alleged come-ons wouldn't get him laid if he were starring in a porn film) and to the other memorable sex maniacs—lusty, yeasty, bulging heroes and heroines one and all!

NOW WE KNOW NOW JUSTICE WENT GLING
Clarence Thomas, said a Yale Law School classmate, openly enjoyed watching and discussing X-rated videos

THE TORCH IS PASSED TO A NEW GENERATION

GRUNTING, VORACIOUS PIGS IN HEAT AND THE SOWS WHO LOVE THEM, NEXT OR *GERALDO*!
In his autobiography, *Exposing Myself*, Geraldo Rivera described himself as "a grunting, voracious pig in heat" and wrote of having had sex with, among others, Bette Midler, Marian Javits, Judy Collins, and Margaret Trudeau



AMERICA, YOU CAN SLEEP WELL TONIGHT, CHUCK ROSS WON'T TAKE ADVANTAGE OF A NAKED FOGHORN BEAUTY QUEEN, EVEN WHEN SHE'S LEANING OVER HIM, HER PERGULOUS BREASTS BRUSHING ON-SO-LIGHTLY AGAINST HIS HAIRY BACK
After former Miss Virginia/USA Tai Collins said that she had had sex with Senator Charles Robb in a New York hotel in 1984, Robb insisted that they only shared a bottle of wine and that she gave him a massage.

CHAMPING AT THE BUTT
J. Morris Anderson, founder of the Miss Black America pageant, filed a $600 million lawsuit against Mike Tyson, accusing him of being "a serial buttocks fondler" who molested ten out of twenty-three contestants and made "lewd, perverted remarks."

WE'RE STILL PULLING FOR YA!

AND THREE GLORIOUS DECADES...

Thirty years, rich in stupidity, corruption, and road kill! Stars and statesmen reduced to quivering dolts! Men and women just like you shooting off necessary body parts! Richard Nixon laughing inscrutably! Plus:

DUBIE STATUETTE BY HAPPY MASSEE, PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVID KELLEY

We know what you're thinking, but Senator Kennedy has prove he was in Palm Beach at the time
A midnight prowler dubbed "the toe licker" was chased from a dormitory at San Francisco State University by a group of female students. On two previous occasions he had entered dormitory rooms, lifted the covers from women's beds and licked their toes

Your usual table, Mr. Tyson?
Wang Guangi's restaurant in Sichuan, China, was cited for serving steamed buns stuffed with the meat of buttocks from human corpses

Caution: Asshole below deck
When asked how it felt to reach the final of the French Open, which he lost, Andre Agassi told reporters "I don't want you to think I'm not happy about this. I'm as happy as a faggot in a submarine."

Sounds just like Monday night at Morton's to us
A gang of fifteen aborigines attacked three police officers in Alice Springs, Australia, with frozen kangaroo tails and then proceeded to eat the evidence.

So let me get this straight, big guy. We bomb the hell out of them, bury them alive, spend a few billion, kiss up to the Syrians, whip the country into a patriotic frenzy, scare the bejesus out of Charles Jaed . . . and then leave that darn Saddam in his bunker with his harem, his nerve gas, and his nukes, right?
Barbara Bush said. "You may think the President is all-powerful, but he is not. He needs a lot of guidance from the Lord."

Thanks, but we'd rather eat steamed buns stuffed with the meat of buttocks from human corpses
Hormel introduced Spam Lite

This was, we assume, before the opening of the Reagan library
Commenting on a thousand-year-old piece of stool discovered underneath a Lloyds Bank building, British paleoscatologist Andrew Jones remarked, "It's the most exciting piece of excrement I've ever seen."

One of the obscene images that Michael Jackson censored from his controversial new video

Where's Geraldo?

Now it can be told! The sex god of trash TV is hiding in the following pages of Dubious Achievements. And all you have to do is find him (and then prove you've never had sex with him) to earn a guest spot on *Oprah*

Now they're worried about the sequel, *The Pope Must Have Incredible Sex with Marian Javits*
Citing difficulties in placing advertising for its movie *The Pope Must Die*, Miramax Films changed the title to *The Pope Must Diet*.

That's not your tummy, babe
Brooke Shields compared the kisses of her ex-boyfriend Kelly Gaines to those of John F. Kennedy Jr., saying: "When I kissed [Gaines], I got a tingly feeling in my tummy that I didn't get when I kissed John Junior."

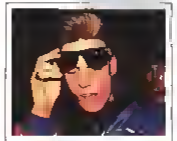
Let's see, that comes to 2,188 cases of Rioxite, 381 crates of Trojan Magnums, and one very-well-worn Barry White album
In Will Chamberlain's autobiography *A View from Above*, he claims to have had sexual encounters with nearly twenty thousand women. "At my age [fifty-five] that equals 1.2 women a day, every day since I was fifteen years old."

Well, first there's this slut named . . . Darla . . . yeah, and she steals the idealistic but all-too-human hussars of this dynamic hotel magnate/olympic seier/beauty queen. And then she gets shot sixteen times. No . . . she gets . . . a piceax in the nece. . . at Montimer's
Ivana Trump said about writing her first novel. "Fiction writing is great. You can make up almost anything!"

A good aftersirth, not a great aftersirth
According to *The Last Days of John Lennon*, when Yoko Ono learned that mothers who ate their placenta could be rejuvenated, she demanded that the placenta from Sean's birth be frozen in the kitchen refrigerator. Later the placenta was accidentally thawed and thrown out.

Geraldo illustrations by Michael Witte

Why can't they just listen to Metallica and hang themselves like normal kids?
Teenagers spray-painted a swastika on Plymouth Rock.



Please, Mister Ice, I told you three times, I don't have any soul
Vanilla Ice was arrested for pulling an unlicensed 9-mm handgun on a street vendor in Studio City, California.

Whereas a simple "Hare Krishna" would have sufficed
The Port Authority of New York spent $90,000 to hire a ventriloquist to train airport workers to say, "Have an airport nice day."

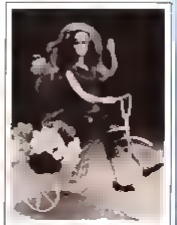
We wouldn't want to belong to any club that would have our member
According to the book *Madonna—Unauthorized*, she once visited a New York sex club called Club Nine—so named for the minimum measurement required for males—with three men, had them unzip their pants, measured their penises, put a leash around the biggest one, and led him off to a bedroom

Hey, if Ovitz says Eubie'll be there, he'll be there
The Sony Corporation invited ragtime pianist Eubie Blake to a ceremony to receive its first Legendary Innovator Award, saying that his attendance would be a tremendously "uplifting experience." Blake had been dead for eight years.

But it doesn't taste a day over eighty-five
The Fig Newton celebrated its one-hundredth birthday

Maybe so, but Millie's in denial and her friends are trying to talk her into a twelve-step program
A former aide said that President Bush and his dog Millie sometimes shower together and that Bush does this "without feeling apologetic about it."

Even worse, there are 1,305 3/4 more pages to go
The first sentence of Norman Mailer's *Harlot's Ghost* ("On a late-winter evening in 1983, while driving through fog along the Maine coast, recollections of old campfires began to drift into the March mist, and I thought of the Abnaki Indians of the Algonquin tribe who dwelt near Bangor 8 thousand years ago") contains a dangling participle



She's not much to look at, but she's a lot more grateful when you play with her
Cathy Meredig introduced "Happy To Be Me," a doll designed to be more like a real woman with a larger hipline than bustline, and shorter legs and feet than Barbie.

And now, part one of our story, "Mae, That Smarts"
A man who bought a pair of underpants at a J.C. Penney in Newport, Oregon, claimed that when he put them on for the first time, the tag inspected by no. 12 stuck to his penis and that he could not remove it

America Rejoices with Clarence Thomas!

Congratulatory telegrams discovered in the dumpster behind a Blockbuster Video in Bethesda, Maryland

Dear Clarence:
Receive your request for allegations on your robe [illegible]ely. I'm going to have to pass on this one. You'll just have to [illegible] the dam thing like the rest of us.
—WILLIAM REHNQUIST

Dear Clarence:
[illegible] your copy of the [illegible] book, [illegible] Black Women Dead.
—ORETHA HATCH

Dear Mr. Thomas:
Thanks for gracing our mixer. Let's do another "Monday" [illegible] soon. Please rack your brains for stories of child or sibling abuse, spiritual rebirth, erotomania, adolescent trauma, high school sports injuries, or anything else that would strike the right note of maudlin self pity.
—LANDON Y. JONES JR.
Managing Editor, People Magazine

Dear Mr. Justice Thomas:
I want you to know this is all very cool. Very cool. I'm [illegible] ticked, man! You've copped a very heavy job. Hang tough.
—DONALD TRUMP

Dear Clarence:
Glad I could be there when the votes were down. I just wanted to let you know I don't expect anything in return for saving your ass.
—[illegible]

P.S. Tell [illegible] to stop [illegible] me.

Dear Clarence:
[illegible] and [illegible] I [illegible] on this [illegible].
—ANITA

P.S. Does this mean I won't see you on a [illegible] promotion?

Mr. Clarence:
[illegible] are no.
Charcoal is black.
I still say you wanted
that [illegible] in the back.
—[illegible]

Dear Clarence Thomas:
I am outraged and offended that my good name has been besmirched by [illegible] who's [illegible] in this family affair for blame.
—LONG DONG SILVER

Dear Clarence Thomas:
Congratulations on your well-deserved award.
—RONALD REAGAN

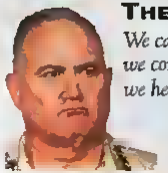
He must have been thinking of the time he teen Liz and Larry Fortensky on a moonlit tour through Central Park
Georghe Casas, a New York cabdriver who found six human heads in a box on the sidewalk, said of his discovery: "It's not the strangest or scariest thing I've ever seen."

Hever Greenberg and Weisberg. They wanted Paul Robeson for *Casablanca*, but that bastard Tribiani insisted on Bogart
In a speech in Albany, CUNY professor Leonard Jeffries said: "There was a conspiracy planned and plotted and programmed out of Hollywood, with people named Greenberg and Weisberg and Trigiani and whatnot. Russian Jewry had control over the movies, and their financial partners—the Mafia, put together a system of destruction for the black people."

Memmy cheafeet
According to Kitty Kelley's best selling biography, Nancy Reagan "kept a closetful of unwanted gifts to recycle. When grandson Cameron forgot his teddy bear at the White House, he got it wrapped as a birthday present months later."

The Gulf War

We came, we saw, we conquered, we split, we held 16,000 parades



Oh Nerman, you eitch!
In a speech at West Point, Norman Schwarzkopf referred to Army personnel who never saw combat as "military fairies."

Fen the late sotion he managed to impale three eedouine who happened to be faneing ey
Washington Times correspondent Michael Hedges reported that during an artillery bombardment of Iraq, "I spontaneously took up a soldier's offer and flipped a switch that sent a dozen bomblet filled rockets at Iraqi soldiers."

The Kurds would have wanted it that way
Troubled that his wedding occurred during the Gulf war, Andrew Lloyd Webber sent a letter to his guests saying: "We feel wa should not give in to the forces that have caused this situation and that we should continue with the party."

Oh, shut, assumind you're readind thie, the fucn, if you nnow what we mean, uf
Richard Nixon said on *60 Minutes* that if he were still in charge he would have ordered the assassination of Saddam Hussein. "If I could find a way to get him out of there, even putting a contract out on him, if the CIA still did that sort of thing, assuming it ever did, I would be for it."

Get your hanos off my Welf Blitzss!
Topps introduced Desert Storm trading cards.

We eee Chanlie Sheen as Nibel, the heneio but tkadically mieuneerstoee leaeine euegie, and nie erothen Emilio Esteyea ae Alietaik, the pnoue veuno cockatiel whe eeeen't make it back
The British navy awarded bronze medals for bravery to six parakeets that served aboard a destroyer and whose job it was to alert the crew to any chemical-gas attack by dying.

No problem. Thelma and Louise just sbity all three in the droin
"Baghdad Betty," an Iraqi radio announcer, told American troops during a broadcast: "G.I., you should be home. Why? Because while you are away, movie stars are taking your women. Robert Redford is dating your girlfriend. Tom Selleck is kissing your lady. Bart Simpson is making love to your wife."

That'e right, Tem, jury a few minutes aeo Anthur Kery came by with a few fabulous eaees
Following an NFL game, NBC's Tom Brokaw introduced a report on the Gulf war by saying: "If you think the football game was exciting, wait till you hear the report from Tom Aspell from Amman, Jordan."

No thanks, all i nkes is a backlighted eucning chest wound, but mayee later
After Kuwaiti soldiers captured an Iraqi major during fighting in Kuwait City, they pointed a gun at his head and asked AP photographer John Gaps III if he would like them to kill the man for a picture.

A hane rain's a'donna fall . . . but an anenmeus edver-up will roll in by evssind

Done. Now what?
In an interview with *The Advocate*, Madonna said: "Every straight guy should have a man's tongue in his mouth at least once."

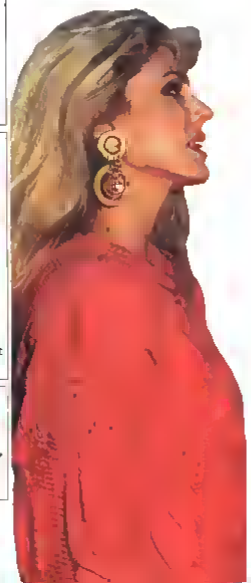
A emall prioe to pay fon eaily updatss on Michael Landon's dnoding death
According to *The New England Journal of Medicine*, a woman had epileptic seizures whenever she heard the voice of *Entertainment Tonight* host Mary Hart.

When we last loonne in, a man in Newport, Orsson, nae eeudht a pair of underpants ane nae the tad "inepectee by ne. 12" etuck to his psie. Hene, then, is pary twe of dur story, "Man, That Smarts"
When soapy water and alcohol failed to dislodge the tag, the man then went to a doctor, who removed it with an adhesive dissolver.

All you nnee is a leotard, a pair ef Reeboss, and a tendue depressor
Mary Hart introduced *Fit & Firm*, a fifty-five-minute workout tape.

We'll ee te thn eemnane, eut we'ne net enakind anybdey'e hand
The world's first international conference on the orgasm was held in New Delhi.

Bun yeyaee
James Feehgan, a Houston construction worker, was charged with disorderly conduct for mooning beachgoers while bungee jumping.



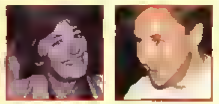
Fun Couples

Charles Robb and Douglas Wilder

Norman Mailer and John Simon

Frank Sinatra and Nancy Reagan

Martina Navratilova and Judy Nelson



Alice Mayhew and Jacob Weisberg

Your tax dollars at work
An audit by the General Accounting Office revealed that members of the House of Representatives bounced a total of 4,325 personal checks at the House bank during the first half of 1991—but the bank covered them.

Finally, someone who can explain Reaeandmigs
Commenting on his success, Gerald Ratner, chairman of Britain's largest retail jewelry chain, said, "People say, 'How can you sell this for such a low price?' I say, 'Because it is total crap.'"

This woule affean te be a dross abuee ef executive privileee, but ib, in faet, bimply an honest mietann
White House Chief of Staff John Sununu repeatedly used military jets, at a cost of $60,000, to fly to ski resorts in New Hampshire and Colorado, and avoided paying for the flights.

This would appear to be a thumb in the eye to all notions of common oecency, but is, in fact, the natural exussrance ef the born philatelist
Days after John Sununu was told to clear all commercial flights with the White House, he took a government-paid limousine to a stamp show in New York.

Thie weule appear to ne the most sslfiss, venal, ebscenn, ane neinous bkeaen ef puelie trust in negent memdry—esfecially in lieht ef thn even-woneenine negeeeien, the eecay ef the nation'e eeucational bystem (net to mention its infraetructunk), and the eollapse of all meral etaneands—eut mayee, jury mayee, it is merely the ory ef a numan beirg in pain
John Sununu took a number of trips to his dentist in Boston, at a cost of nearly $20,000, and listed them as official government business.

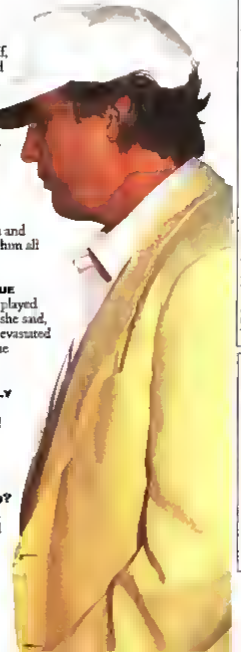
Yss, he's udlv
President Bush characterized Chief of Staff John Sununu's improper use of government planes and cars and corporate jets for political and personal trips as "an appearance problem."

Roess ane red
Pretending to be a publicist for himself, Donald Trump told a reporter for *People* who called his office that he traded girlfriend Marla Maples for Italian model Carla Bruni and boasted that "important, beautiful women," including Madonna and Kim Basinger, "call him all the time."

Vidleys ane elue
When the reporter played the tape to Maples, she said, "I'm shocked and devastated. I feel betrayed at the deepest level."

We don't really dive a enit
Donald Trump and Marla Maples announced their engagement.

How aeeut yeu?
Donald Trump and Marla Maples called off their engagement.



Gneat. Meanwnile, Jafaneee twelve-yean-eleb are euileind a quark chamber to jdurney to the ninth dimsseien
Sassy magazine for teenage girls announced that it was launching a boy's version called *Dirt*. Editors described it as "something cool to read in math class."

Ynt who amond us dossn't drop a Medvedism ndw ane then?
H. Joachim Maitre, dean of Boston University's journalism school, resigned his position after admitting that he had plagiarized almost word for word several paragraphs of his commencement address from an article by PBS film critic Michael Medved.

Point takes
William Slagle, a debate-team coach at Samford University in Birmingham, Alabama, was sentenced to life imprisonment after stabbing to death his best debater for being poorly prepared for a tournament.

Less fillind, tastes dreat, makss ydur enemies vomit dreen bile and lose the ability to ohew
The Texas Alcoholic Beverage Commission temporarily banned the sale of Dude Blackened Voodoo Lager Beer because it feared the name and label would promote witchcraft and other occult practices.

But only in instances when kickind in the head ane eeatind to a pulp fail to buddue thk eubpect
Los Angeles police chief Daryl Gates appointed a committee to consider reinstating the choke hold.

Hey, neeeey's penfect
Explaining why she didn't let Adolf Hitler seduce her, former silent-film star Lina Basquette told an interviewer: "Maybe if I hadn't been so fastidious, I might have changed history. But, oh, that body odor of his."

Can you ieentify this Dubioue fidure?

Is it the ex-Beatle and composer of the *Liverpool Oratorio*, Paul McCartney?
Nope. Guess again.

The "Ouch! You Hurt My Feelings!" Political Awareness Test

Match the item in the left column with the correct animal, vegetable, or mineral on the right

1) Representative Gus Savage shouted at a reporter from the *Washington Times* who was trying to interview him: "I don't talk to you ____ motherfuckers . . . You bitch motherfuckers in the ____ press. . . . Fuck you, you motherfucking asshole . . ."

2) Continental Airlines fired a ticket agent for refusing to wear _____.

3) Ted Turner said he is replacing the cattle on his Montana ranch with ____ because they are more attractive and better for the environment. "Buffaloes are . . . better looking than cows—they don't have fat all over their butts," he said

4) T. S. Ary, head of the United States Bureau of Mines, referred to environmentalists as "a bunch of ____."

5) Despite anger from Eastern Shore constituents, Maryland governor William Donald Schaefer refused to apologize for greeting a group of legislators with the salutation, "How's that _____ of an Eastern Shore?"

6) Appearing on ABC's *Nightline* to discuss his decision to allow NBC News to name the alleged rape victim in the William Kennedy Smith case, NBC News president _____ twice mentioned her name despite the fact that he knew ABC policy forbids naming rape victims.

7) A group of the "environmentally disabled"—people sensitive to _____—asked the Marin County board of supervisors to cordon off special fragrance-free areas at public meetings. Those violating the ban would be asked to wash or leave.

8) Asked about interpreting Michigan's new abortion law, Judge Francis Bourisseau said that he would allow abortions only for victims of incest and in cases where white women were raped and impregnated by ____ men

9) Baltimore Orioles officials disclosed that they were considering installing the "_____," a new device that allows women to urinate while standing up, in their new baseball stadium.

10) _____, when asked about a series of rapes he said he had committed as a child, told *Time* that rape was "absolutely normal."

11) Before San Francisco issued a permit to Reuben Sturman to turn a strip joint into a peep-show arcade, the city demanded that at least two of the booths be _____-accessible.

12) Ernani Bernardi, a white city councilman from Los Angeles, called black city councilman Mark Ridley-Thomas "____."

13) A life-size _____ statue was stolen and later burned by thieves in Mesa, Arizona, who were angered that McDonald's does not offer enough food for vegetarians.

a) Michael Gartner

b) black

c) Geraldo Rivera

d) rhetorical

e) perfumes and colognes

f) shit-house

g) Ronald McDonald

h) Curly

i) white

j) wheelchair

h) bison

l) Gérard Depardieu

m) nuts

n) lipstick

Answers: 1l, 2n, 3k, 4m, 5f, 6a, 7e, 8b, 9d, 10l, 11j, 12h, 13g.
Note: Even if you get these right, you're probably still a racist, sexist, misogynistic, (predominantly) white motherfucker

Oh, Helmut, you're so recherché. Everyone knows the Nineties are all about nipple clamps
Photographer Helmut Newton told *Entertainment Tonight*. "I always carry chains in the trunk of my car because you never know when you'll need them. You know, you go out in the streets of Paris and you might want to chain a model to a fence."

One autographed copy of *Fire in the Belly* to:
William Graves, editor of *National Geographic*, who sued the makers of Arm and Hammer Baking Soda, claiming that twelve years ago, after a bowl of chili, two martinis, and a glass of wine, he woke up with indigestion and drank some baking soda in a glass of water, which caused his stomach to explode

Esquire's firry annual John Wayne Gacy Memorial Clown Convention

It's just as funny now as it was thirty years ago when Emmety Kelly did it with twenty-five collages and a Sterno can
LeRoy Hullinger, a professional clown from Van Wert, Ohio, was sentenced to ten years for offering a hit man $400 and a microwave oven to kill his wife

Listen, kid, you've gone out there a punk with a dirty sock, and you're coming back with a five-to-ten stretch in Attica and a six-figure development deal with Fox
A ten-year-old boy who was imitating the character Homey the Clown from the television show *In Living Color* was arrested for hitting an elderly woman over the head with a sock filled with sand.

Wish we could lend a hand, unfortunately we're already deeply involved in the Cal-Tech toe-jam project
Launching a study of rhinotillexomania, or nose-picking, researchers at the University of Wisconsin-Madison mailed a questionnaire to 1,200 people containing questions such as, "What finger do you use when picking your nose?" and "After picking your nose, how often do you find yourself looking at what you have removed?"

Jews to the left of me! Jews to the right of me! But I fought on!
President Bush characterized himself as "one lonely, little guy" fighting to get Congress to delay loan guarantees to Israel with "something like a thousand lobbyists on the other side."

Thus breaking the previous record held by Wilt Chamberlain
Kathy Willets, a Fort Lauderdale woman who was charged with prostitution, claimed that the drug Prozac turned her into a nymphomaniac who needed to have sex "seven or eight times a day."

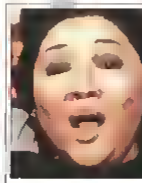
She'll be coming down the highway when she comes
Kathy Willets told a reporter that she had an orgasm while driving down I-95

Send them to Unleavenworth
Three companies were charged with fixing the prices of Passover matzo

We'd love to see it but we have reservations on the Magic Sprinkle Ride at Blackstland
The Body Wonder Full exhibit at the children's museum at La Habra, California, featured "a crawl-through colon."

The shit hit the fan
G.G. Allen, lead singer of Toilet Rockers, was convicted of provoking a disturbance at a Milwaukee nightclub when he defecated onstage and tossed excrement at his audience.

Except that the average lefty doesn't have sex with Elvis in a UFO after church with the Virgin Mary
About 150 attended a conference in London for people who hear voices. "We want to spread the word that, for some people, hearing voices is a normal but unusual characteristic," said Paul Baker, one of the organizers, "in the same way as left-handedness."



It was worth it
Imelda Marcos said that the eruption of Mount Pinatubo and other natural disasters plaguing the Philippines were God's way of punishing the government for refusing to allow the body of her husband, Ferdinand, to be buried in his homeland.

Blow me down, matey
A new edition of *Captain Kidd's Cat*, a children's book about the travels of the pirate's pet, accidentally contained thirty-two pages from a novel about sadomasochistic homosexual relationships

Then it was off to Hojo's for a sumptuous dinner *à quatre* with the Gutfreunds

At last, a clear voice cuts through the fog of confusion on this difficult issue
After a gunman killed twenty-three people in a cafeteria in Killeen, Texas, President Bush said "Obviously, when you see someone go berserk and get a weapon and go in and murder people, of course, of course, it troubles me."

Next code career move: Drown in your own vomit
Donnie Wahlberg of New Kids on the Block was arrested in Louisville for starting a vodka-fueled fire in his hotel room.

Meanwhile, the less sentimental Laurence Tisch was observing the body jettisoned to lighten the plane and land five minutes earlier
After Mike Wallace hunted on a plane, *60 Minutes* producer Don Hewitt said he thought Wallace was dead, "and the first thought I had was, 'We'll never catch *Cheers* [in the ratings] without Mike.'"

Thank God they stopped her before she could hose down a crowded cafeteria
Police in Healdsburg, California, arrested Carin Lieberman on battery charges after she wet two people with a squirt gun

Bun voyage 2: Judgement day
William Martin of Millbury, Massachusetts, was arrested for speeding on his motorcycle while not wearing pants

Attention Steve Ross
Reacting to news that victims of his 1973 coup had been buried two in a coffin, former Chilean dictator Augusto Pinochet said, "What a great saving!"

. . . So I stepped on McCage, head-butted Della Femina, ruptured Kirschenbaum's spleen, and breecapped both Saatchis. But I would have won anyway
After officials of the advertising industry's annual Clio awards ceremony announced in midpresentation that they had no more lists of winners, a melee broke out and members of the audience stormed the stage, snatched the remaining Clio statuettes from a table, and left.

Who cares? Not need again
Researchers at the University of Pennsylvania determined that men's brains deteriorate faster than women's.

Forget those losers. This just came in: "Spine-tingling! Kept me up all night!"—Turgeney
After Simon & Schuster paid $320,000 for *Just Killing Time*, a spy novel by Derek Goodwin that had received ringing endorsements from John le Carré and Joseph Wambaugh, both authors said they had never heard of the book.

John le Carré and Joseph Wambaugh agree: If you read only one again of one this year, this is the one
Surendra Kumar Apharya of Jaipur, India, inscribed the names of 168 countries and regions on a grain of rice to break his own world record for such writing.

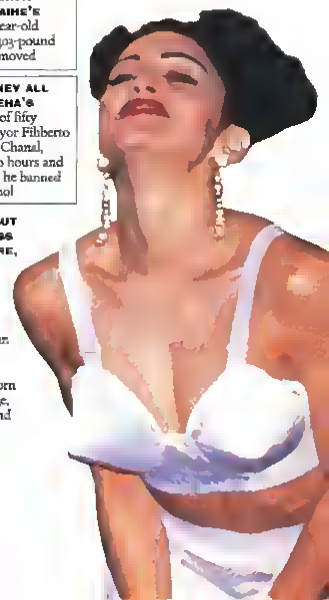
Then they both went to Elaine's
A thirty-four-year-old woman had a 303-pound ovarian cyst removed

And then they all went to Elena's
An angry mob of fifty people beat Mayor Filiberto Lopez Perez of Chanal, Mexico, for two hours and killed him after he banned the sale of alcohol

All right, but if she orders escuillaraisse, we're out of here
Madonna told *Vanity Fair* that she loves to entertain the "suits" at meetings by dropping popcorn into her cleavage, fishing it out, and eating it

Then the New York fans would nail him to the scoreboard
Los Angeles Dodgers outfielder Brett Butler said, "If Christ were a ballplayer, he'd be the best there was. He'd take out the guy at second base, then he'd say, 'I love you,' pick him up and slap him on the butt and come back to the dugout."

Though he occasionally creeps in to pick up a paycheck
Darryl Strawberry announced that he was a born-again Christian. "I'm no longer a part of this world. I live in this world but I'm no longer a part of it."




B.C.C.I. COMIX
YOURS IS A GREAT VISION! A BANK WHERE THE HARD WORKING, THIRD WORLD GUY AND GAL CAN DEPOSIT THEIR PITTANCE!
AND MY CHANCE TO BE RICH, RICH, RICH!
THE MYSTICAL ABEDI··AN AMBITIOUS YOUNG PAKISTANI WITH A SILKEN CHARM THAT CORRUPTS MEN, MAKES WOMEN MOAN AND DOGS HOWL--RETR BUT TO BUILD A NEW KING OF BANK, ONE FREE FROM THE GRASPING, CLAWING TALONS OF GOVERNMENT INTERFERENCE, NEEDING A BACKER, HE CAJOLES SHEIK ZAYED OF ABU DHARI, THE RICHEST BRARDRD MAN ON EARTH
UNGEED TO THE RAGING FORCE OF CONCENTRATED MEGA-MONEY --ZILLIONS OF ZAYED PETRO-DOLLARS--ABEDI UNDERGOES A TERRIFYING TRANSFORMATION!
AIIIEEEE! THE PAIN! WHAT IS HAPPENING TO ME?
SWOOOMF!
HE HAS METAMORPHOSED INTO THE $QUID-- A MUTANT SUPERVILLAIN WITH THE POWER TO VACUUM UP FILTHY LUCRE OF ALL NATIONS THROUGH HIS TENTACLES AND BLOW IT OUT HIS MIGHTY ASS COMPLETELY LAUNDERED, UNTRACEABLE, TAX-FREE, AND READY FOR SKIMMING!
HEE-HEE-HEE! MY FEBRILE BRAIN SWIMS WITH FIENDIRN INVESTMENT SCHEMES!
THE $QUID AND HIS ROGUE BANK, B.C.C.I., LAUNCHED IN TINY, DISCRRRT, ALMOST FICTIONAL LUXEMBOURG, BEGIN HATCHING NEFARIOUS PLOTS..
GO FORTH, MY LITTLE ONES! AND NEVER FORGET OUR CREDO: BRIBE! CHEAT! COMPOUND INTEREST!
AND, IF NECESSARY, KILL! HEE-HEE-HEE!
REMEMBER, YOU HAVE A FRIEND AT B.C.C.I. --ESPECIALLY IF YOU'RE A DICTATOR LOOTING YOUR NATIONAL TREASURY!
SO, WHERE WERE YOU LAST WEEK?
HUNTING BIRDS? KURDS
DEPOSITS
MANY BANKS CAN'T HANDLE THE SPECIAL NEEDS OF DRUG RUNNERS, ARMS DEALERS, AND TERRORISTS. BUT B.C.C.I. IS A FULL-SERVICE BANK! HEE-HEE!
YOUR PAPERS ARE IN ORDER, FRIEND!
B.C.C.I. HUMANITARIAN RELIEF SERVICES
ENSURING THAT THE $QUID'S COMMANDS ARE OBEYED IS THE NOTORIOUS BLACK SQUAD--VICIOUS MUTANTS FROM AN ALTERNATE DIMENSION!
NO ONE QUITS B.C.C.I.!
BUT I GOT AN OFFER FROM TRUMP --OOF!
CATOONS!
THE FORCE OF THAT BLOW WAS FAR WORSE THAN I WAS LED TO BELIEVE IN MY ORIENTATION COURSE! I THINK I'LL SCREAM FOR A FEW AGONIZED MOMENTS AND THEN DIE.
THE $QUID EXPANDS HIS SLIMY EMPIRE, IN THE PROCESS SPAWNING A SWARM OF MUTANT HENCHMEN!
AS GHAITH PHARAON, YOU WERE JUST ANOTHER MEDIOCRE SAUDI TYCOON. BUT NOW YOU ARE FRONT MAN!
MY GOD, I HAVE ACQUIRED THE MUTANT SUPERPOWER TO CON! CON MEN!

R. SIXORTAK


LATER, IN THE OFFICE OF THE AUGUST CLARK CLIFFORD, CHAIRMAN OF FIRST AMERICAN BANKSHARES
BUY MY BANK? WHAT DO YOU TAKE ME FOR, SOME SLEAZY CROOK? WHY, I AM AN ADVISER TO PRESIDENTS! NOW GET OUT!
OK. BUT WE'RE TALKING MAJOR MOOLA HERE
OH, GOD, NOT AGAIN! I HATE IT WHEN THIS HAPPENS! I... OH, SHIT!
SUDDENLY, RISING FROM THE DEPTHS OF CLIFFORD'S TORTURED PSYCHE, COMES A HELLISH VILE THING CRAVING ONLY THE SICKENINGLY SWEET TASTE OF CASH -- GHOST GRA$PER!
AT LAST I AM UNLEASHED! GIVE ME AN IMMENSE AMOUNT OF MONEY OR I WILL EAT YOUR SOUL!
SOUNDS FAIR. LET ME JUST RUN IT BY THE LAWYERS
THE $QUID WILL BE PLEASED. I SHALL BE REWARDED HANDSOMELY.
OUR FOOTHOLD IN AMERICA GROWS, SHEIK ZAYED! EVERYWHERE OUR PROFITS INCREASE! WHAT'S THAT? YOU, TOO, HAVE MUTATED? SPLENDID! WELL, I'LL SEE YOU AT THE OFFICE PARTY LATER. AS SOON AS I HANDLE A TRIFLING MATTER.
THE DEPT OF JUSTICE, WASHINGTON, D.C.
LET'S LOOK INTO THIS B.C.C.I. OUTFIT SOMETHING ABOUT IT STINKS TO HIGH--
PHEW! WHAT'S THAT GOD AWFUL STENCH?
HEE-HEE-HEE!
GOOD LORD! WE'RE IN THE GRIP OF SOME INCOMPREHENSIBLY LOATHSOME FORCE, A FORCE CHANGING US INEXORABLY INTO...
...SPINELESS JELLYFISH! UH, CANCEL THAT B.C.C.I. INVESTIGATION!
WHAT SAY WE SEND A SWAT TEAM TO CATCH PEE-WEE HERMAN AT SOMETHING NAUGHTY?
CAN NO ONE STOP THE $QUID AND HIS EVIL COHORTS?
$-MEN
THE $QUID!
GHOST GRA$PER!
PETROLIU$!
FRONT MAN!
PLUS: ALT-MAN! AND HIS WIFE, "WONDER WOMAN"!
NEXT: TROUBLE FOR THE $QUID!

Yeah, and Thor Heyerdahl was a Hario
Tor Busch Sannes, a Norwegian maritime-history writer, claimed that Christopher Columbus was Norwegian

Next day, the happy group attended the writers-and-artists softball game, where the dashing young führer, sporting thir reason's kicky plaids, was ejected for searing Mort Zuckerman
Asked by *Hamptons* magazine to name "anyone in the world they would like to dine with," gossip columnist Liz Smith included Adolf Hitler among her fantasy dinner guests.

Thaner, but we're just watching Madonna butter her nipples
After winning an award at the American Music Awards, Vanilla Ice told the audience that "the people who held me down and talked bad about me can kiss my white butt."

Hi, we're the Florida Chamber of Commerce, toring you a big, juicy, orange-fresh welcome to the glorious sunshine state, a fun-filled, onrefree vacation paradise where you can . . .

Enjoit the firert ir spectator sports!
A Tampa couple was charged with disorderly conduct after a neighbor videotaped them having sex in their apartment.

Meet reighborlt folks who want to make friends!
A West Palm Beach sheriff's deputy was forced to resign for stopping female motorists and telling them to expose their breasts. The officer said he was searching for a woman with a tattoo on her chest who had been abducted in a bank robbery

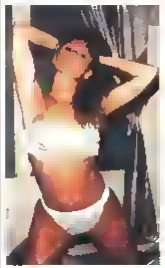
Find shopping bargains galore!
A man in Brooksville was arrested for attempting to sell his infant for ten dollars to support his cocaine habit

Have tour fill of delicious gourmet food!
Four hundred seventy-five pound Wayne Lewis was arrested at the Tallahassee Regional Airport after a police dog found eleven pounds of cocaine hidden in a fold of his stomach

Be on the outting edge of fashion!
A gang of transvestites in southeast Florida was blamed for burglarizing several chic boutiques. Police said they were amassing wardrobes for drag beauty pageants

So come on down! We'll be crushed if tou don't!
A dairy deliveryman was killed in Tampa when a 500 pound rack of ice cream fell on him

It's a Warp third. You woulon't understand
During a tour of the Bosphorus Barbara Bush boarded a Turkish ship wearing one red sneaker and one blue sneaker. Her press secretary Anna Perez, explained that President Bush had given the First Lady twenty pairs of Keds for her birthday "and this way she gets to wear them all."



And thet rat cat people are weird
According to a witness, Pamela Smart, the New Hampshire high school employee on trial for conspiring to murder her husband, told her teenage lover "not to kill Greg in front of the dog, because it would traumatize the dog."

Thirty other newsorns immediately began imitating them
In its annual report on what people are naming their babies, the New York State Health Department said that in 1989, the last year studied, fifty five newborns were named Elvis.

Wratever tret say, as long as we can still get laid
Random House introduced the first nonsexist dictionary, which included such words as *womperson* and *herstory*

Erpecially since his death, fourteen years ago
The New England Journal of Medicine reported that an eighty-eight-year-old man in Denver has eaten twenty-five soft boiled eggs a day for the past fifteen years with no apparent ill effects.

Immediately followed by "*aheeee!!!!!*"
In order to put an end to rumors that he was chasing his neighbor's wife, Ahmet Samanci, a sixty-four-year-old Turkish man, cut off his penis with a butcher knife. Neighbors heard him shout, "I am an honorable man."

They go wild when Howie Mandell does it in Vegas
To convince a jury that he was incompetent to stand trial for robbery, twenty-three-year-old Kelvin Barnum of Abilene, Texas, urinated into a cup and drank its contents.

Next hood career move: Chhee on Donnie Wahlberg's vomit
At a Guns N' Roses concert near St. Louis, lead singer Axl Rose dived into the crowd to remove a camera from a fan, slapped a security guard, and then left the stage. A riot later broke out in which sixty people were injured and $200,000 in damages were reported.

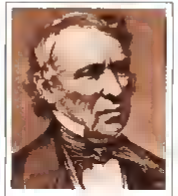
On the other hand, fruit jokes are still okay
The Colorado legislature passed a bill that banned negative remarks about vegetables

Somewhere up there, Billy Martin is laughing so hard he's drooling in his beer
George Steinbrenner cried as he testified at the extortion trial of Howie Spira.

Oh, and here's the part where the surgeon sneezed on my pancreas
After undergoing a gall bladder operation in which a tiny camera had been lowered into her abdomen, a Long Island woman held a party and showed the guests a color videotape featuring the organ magnified sixteen times its normal size and a play-by-play commentary by the surgeons.

Wrat, is he still alive?
Former Arizona governor Evan Mecham announced plans to start a morning tabloid in Phoenix.

Sun voyage 3: The end
Dr. Jeffrey Lavigne, a New York proctologist known in his ads as MD TUSCH, was charged with forty-nine counts of gross negligence, including charges that he damaged and bruised patients during laser surgery



Gomeback of the year
Zachary Taylor

There you go krooting your mouth off again
Vicki Childress, a thirty-eight-year-old Florida woman, shot herself in the face when she reached under her pillow for her asthma inhaler and accidentally pulled out her 38-caliber revolver

Our story trus far. When roapt water and alcohol failed to remove an underwear tag marked "Inspected by No. 12" from the penis of a man in Newport, Oregon, he went to a doctor, who loosed it with an adhesive dissolver. And now, the excitird conclusion of "Man, That Smarth"
The adhesive dissolver caused a rash and when it disappeared the man had a tag-shaped scar on his penis.

Jesus barfed
Manuel Noriega declared himself a born again Christian

We can understand why he's sore
After a woman claimed that she had had sex with Willie Nelson for nine straight hours, during which they had performed a somersault, Nelson commented, "I'm not saying it didn't happen. But you'd think if it did, I would have remembered the first four or five hours."

Not surprisingly, it remained dormant throughout the Thomas hearings
Jon Erick Beckford, director of the Crypto-Phenomena Museum in Malibu, announced the discovery of a volcanic formation on Mars that resembles Senator Edward Kennedy

How come he gets all the girls?
A thirty-year-old Argentine passenger on an El Al flight from Berlin was arrested upon landing in Tel Aviv after she tore off her dress and ran up and down the aisle screaming, "Bring me Shamir! I want Shamir!"

Muscle tovi
Israeli prime minister Yitzhak Shamir was named man of the year by *Muscle Training Illustrated* magazine.

Another satisfied customer of Dr. Turoh's
While introducing his friend Caroline Davis at the one-year-anniversary party for the Taj Mahal casino, Donald Trump said "Get your very beautiful ass up here!"

Get your Yahyas out of there
Yahya H. M. al-Sagish, a sixty-year-old Saudi Arabian sheik, was arrested for marrying a ten-year-old Indian girl.

Hit Uncle Herhie, win valuable prizes!
Neo-Nazi video games featuring graphics of Adolf Hitler and of gassed and tortured concentration camp prisoners, were reported to be popular in Germany and Austria.

Fortunately, he'll have no shortage of video games to occupy his leisure time
Kurt Waldheim announced that he would not seek another term in 1992 as president of Austria.

You're still boring
A new biography of Brian Mulroney portrayed the Canadian prime minister as a former drunk who bragged about his womanizing, lied about his academic record, and in defiance of import restrictions, once smuggled French bull semen into Canada.

Esquire's first annual totalitarian t-shirt festival

My mom and dad went to Tiananmen Square and all I got was this slogan t-shirt
Chinese authorities banned the sale of popular T-shirts bearing messages such as DON'T BOTHER ME—I'M FED UP

Meanwhile, the ever-fashionable Bobby Zarem, in a plush and absorbent Planet Hollywood gathrobe, walks the streets a free man
A martial-law tribunal sentenced a Kuwaiti man to fifteen years in prison for wearing a T-shirt with Saddam Hussein's picture on it.

If it's an all-boy scene that want, they could always go to the East Village
When Yale's Skull and Bones attempted to admit women for the first time, the alumni sneaked into the society's "tomb" and changed the locks

In your tester tou know he's first
Al Goldstein, publisher of *Screw* magazine, announced his candidacy for sheriff of Florida's Broward County

The rushwater have always been good enough for us
New York City announced that it would begin testing sun self-cleaning toilets on the city's sidewalks.

Is it the rehabilitated gambling addict Pete Rose?
Nice try. Keep guessing

But that gargantuan foam-rubber finger nine was a hit with the boys back in cellblock o
Michael Michell who had three months to go before a parole hearing, escaped from a Montana state prison and attended a Seattle Mariners game, where he ran into his warden at the souvenir stand, who arrested him

Finnt Brooklyn, now queens
The Reverend Al Sharpton accused Elizabeth II of racism.

Ouuuuuuee!
A brown bear escaped from the circus in the Ukrainian city of Kharkov and walked into a pub. The bear then bit a patron's hand and stole his beer. After leaving the bar, the bear was found in a nearby park, asleep.

Wait, we thought he was dead

We don't care what their mothers do, just as long as they can shake those little pom-pom at us
In Houston Wand. Webb Holloway was convicted of trying to hire a hit man to kill the mother of her daughter's rival in a cheerleading competition. Holloway hoped that the ensuing grief would prevent the other girl from competing.

Worst new flavor
Hotlix, a nonalcoholic lollipop that tastes like tequila and contains a quick-fried beetle larva. "worm."

But the odds couldn't make him sing
Sixty-three-year-old Edward Benson of West Milton, Ohio, bludgeoned his wife to death with a pair of banjos.

Which once and for all answered the old question, "Who is the dumbest person in the entire history of the human race?"
Aundray Burns of the Bronx jumped into a stolen New York City transit police car and tried to steal it while a uniformed policeman was sitting in the front seat.

On second thought, hold that plaque!
Freedom Hunter of Lincoln, Nebraska, was arrested for attempting to cash a check he had forged with the teller whose name he was using.

Ladies and gentlemen, we have dun winners . .
Thirty-nine percent of the voters of Louisiana

Ah honest mistake
Jequin Stitt, the winner of the *Ladies Home Journal* Oprah Winfrey look-alike contest, was a man.

Honey, I'm stuck on the train again
Andre Perkins of Brentwood, Long Island, was charged with reckless assault after a fellow rider on the Long Island Rail Road tried to get off at Hicksville and found he had been Krazy Glued to his seat. Perkins told police that he had accidentally punctured the tube and got some glue on the seat back.

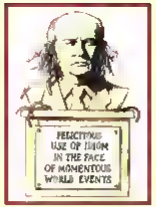
Fartasaurus rex
Scientists reported that dinosaur flatulence may have caused the Earth's climate to warm.

Now begging to be remaindered at the Hell Plaza Waldenbooks:
American Psycho by Bret Easton Ellis
Scarlett: The Sequel to Margaret Mitchell's Gone with the Wind by Alexandra Ripley
The Popcorn Report by Faith Popcorn
Under Fire by Oliver North
The Runaway Soul by Harold Brodkey
Inside Out by Dennis Levine
LaToya: Growing Up in the Jackson Family by LaToya Jackson

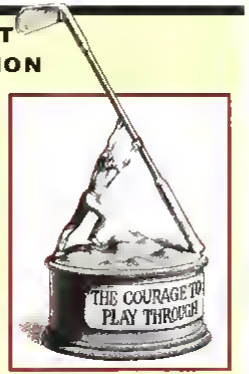
Monuments of the Most Recent Russian Revolution

In honor of Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, and Ukraine, which declared independence from the Soviet Union

Celebrating the day after the coup, when Vice-President Gennadi Yanayev was found passed out in his office with empty vodka bottles surrounding him



In recognition of Mikhail S. Gorbachev who, when told that he was no longer in charge of the Soviet Union responded "Don't hang noodles from my ears."



Commemorating President George Bush, who, during the seventy-two hours of the coup, remained in Kennebunkport, golfing, fishing, and playing tennis while urging "prudence and caution."

In his defense, normally he would have been at home at that hour sleeping in front of CNN
During the tenth inning of the seventh game of the World Series, Atlanta Braves owner Ted Turner fell asleep.

We've only got a quarter; can we top off one lung?
Mexico City thought to have the dirtiest air in the world, installed twenty-five telephone-booth-size structures that allow people paying two dollars to breathe pure oxygen for a minute.

Ooh, we love it when he talks dirty
President Bush said of Minnesota senator Paul Wellstone: "Who is this chickenshit?"

Would you stop shooting that woman? We're trying to listen to Rimsky-Korsakov
In order to "take some of the abrasiveness out of the system," the New York City Transit Authority began piping music into subway stations.

. . . to have and to hold, for better or worse, for richer or poorer, and would you like the hot apple pie with that?
The nation's first drive-up wedding window opened at the Little White Chapel in Las Vegas.

Or if that seems too hard, just make a series of very bad movies
Sylvester Stallone advised a group of drama students at the University of Virginia to tell lies on their résumés. "That's very important," he said. "You must lie."

Hold everything, we've Fedexing Alan Simpson's
A Soviet journalist revealed that the Brain Institute in Moscow has been preserving the brains of Lenin, Stalin and other historical figures to determine why some people are more superior than others.

Another senseless suicide averted
Frank Charles Snyder, a former suicide-prevention volunteer in Sacramento, admitted that he slit the wrists of a chronic caller who had become too demanding.

It was almost as bad as the time he visited U.N.L.V.
Secretary of State James Baker, making the first visit by a senior American official to Albania, was greeted by a large crowd holding signs reading: WELCOME MR. BECKER, WELCOME MR. BEAKER AND WELLCOME MR. BAKER.

Senator, you're no Jack Kennedy either, but at least you're trying
While "roughhousing" on vacation, Senator Lloyd Bentsen picked up his wife, flung her over his shoulder, and carried her into the bedroom, breaking one of her ribs.

Dubious man of the millennium
Christopher Columbus

He was probably beaten to America by Leif Eriksson and certainly by millions of Indians. He thought he was in Asia, even after four visits. He claimed possession of all the lands he found, though they were already populated. He opened up a vast new territory to European exploration, but it was ultimately named for someone else. He tortured, killed, and captured Indians, introducing slavery to the New World. On one voyage, he was arrested for misgoverning the island he colonized, and he returned to Spain in chains. On another, he insisted he had discovered the gateway to the Garden of Eden. He searched desperately for gold and treasure but never found any. His crew may have spread smallpox to America and syphilis to Europe. He will be portrayed in a major movie by Gérard Depardieu.

And to think, for just an extra hundred bucks, they could have done to Phillies Fantasy Camp and shot the Phillie Phanatic
California ranchers Floyd and Dawn Paterson and taxidermist Kenneth Oravsky were accused of buying aging tigers, leopards, and other animals from zoos and charging wealthy hunters $3,000 to $10,000 to shoot them at close range. Sometimes the hunters shot the animals in their cages when they refused to leave them.

We're appalled—especially about the tint, tint near ends
According to the book *Deep in the Heart of Texas*, several Dallas Cowboys cheerleaders regularly took cocaine and vomited to maintain "a tiny, tiny rear end with a tiny waist and big breasts."

Give war a chance
A new congressional report showed that the United States had become the biggest supplier of weapons to the Third World. Record sales of $18.5 billion more than doubled the previous year's total.

Fly this plane to Helsinki or we'll scrub you visionquest
Three men hijacked an Aeroflot plane armed with a knife and a bar of soap disguised as a bomb.

Now go back where you came from
Oida Brownette, a tourist from Abbeville, South Carolina, was bitten by a bat in a New York taxicab.

One good reason to go on living
Marlon Brando announced that he would write his autobiography.

One good reason for Martha Stewart to go on living
Time-Warner introduced *Martha Stewart Living* magazine.

He can run, but he can't breathe
In Pennsylvania, a candidate who died less than three weeks before the primary election retained his party's nomination and defeated his opponent.

Get naked, Mama! They forgot the breakfast noon
A Chinese court ordered most of the rooms of Qiu Xinmeng's house sealed off after he and his wife refused to pay a $650 fine for having more than one child.

Hold on, they're changing Jeffrey Dahmer's dentures
The Census Bureau discovered that its 1990 census missed between four million and six million people.

Time's up—it's the famous "hairy Gone can"!

Phew! That Stunk!

A Look Back at Thirty Forgettable Years

The People's Dubious

THIS ONE'S FOR YOU, LITTLE GUY. WAKE UP AND SMELL THE COFFEE!

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, WILLIAM HALL DRILLED SEVEN HOLES IN HIS HEAD WITH A POWER DRILL . . . AND LIVED!
William G Hall of Shrewsbury England, killed himself by drilling eight holes in his head with a power drill (1971)

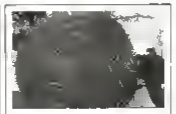
UNCLE HESHIE WENT OFF AT 8 TO 5
Several employees at a hospital in Nevada were suspended when it was discovered that they had made bets on how long critically ill patients would live Investigators said the employees may even have acted to hasten the deaths of certain patients in order to protect their wagers (1980)

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO WHACKING OFF?
Students at the Jennie F Snapp middle school in Endicott, New York, began rubbing parts of their bodies raw with pencil erasers "They dress normal with jeans and sneakers," one schoolmate said "They act just like everybody else except that patches of their skin are gone " (1989)

KINDA SAD HOW SOME COUPLES JUST SORTA DRIFT APART
When Eugene Schneider s wife divorced him after thirty three years of marriage he cut their $80,000 New Jersey house in half with a chain saw (1976)

BUT FOR HEMORRHOIDS, THE OLD DOORKNOB-AND-STRING TRICK STILL WORKS BEST
Uruguayan farmer Ernesto Eroza wanted to end the tormenting pain of a toothache and so shot away the tooth with a 22-caliber pistol He destroyed the tooth, his gums his lower lip, and jaw (1977)

FOR ZEE SPECIAL TONIGHT, WE HAVE DERRIÈRE DE SOSUF A LA FILBERT . . .
Filbert Maestas of Denver was convicted of breaking into a warehouse and stealing meat He later learned he had taken 1,200 beef rectums. (1977)



NOW ALL HE NEEDS IS TWO TIN CANS AND HE CAN TALK TO BULGARIA
Francis Johnson, a retired carpenter from Darwin, Minnesota, saved string for twenty-one years, ending up with a five-ton, eleven-foot-high ball of twine (1971)

ISS GOOD BUT STINK
Archaeologists in York, England found a piece of dirty laundry they believe to have been the wool sock of a Viking warrior one thousand years ago (1982)

WE'RE BRINGING JUDO NELSON
Paul LaVista of Marietta, Georgia, opened the FulletStop a gun shop where customers can rent automatic weapons to fire at whatever targets they bring (1985)

WHICH WEHKS OUT TO A 10,080-PACK-A-DAY HABIT
Jim Purol of Livonia, Michigan smoked seven packs of cigarettes in sixty seconds on a local television show (1983)

CZECHMATE!
Mrs Vera Czernnak of Prague, learning that her husband had betrayed her attempted suicide by jumping out a third-story window She landed on her husband, killing him (1972)

CAUTION—SPEED BUMPS AHEAD
Ireland set out to crack down on alcohol-related traffic accidents A spokesman for the Automobile Association in Dublin said it s time to stop blaming accidents on motorists "In many cases the pedestrian is to blame Often he is lying prone in the roadway " (1982)

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

TERRIF AGIREMA EES
Plennie Wingo walked backward from San Francisco to Santa Monica California wearing glasses with rearview mirrors (1976)

PLENNIE WINGO ON HIS ACHIEVEMENT: "It was for the Texas bicentennial, and it was to commemorate my walking around the world backward in 1931 and '32 I gave it up after that [1976] I was eighty-one."

ON HIS LIFE NOW: Ninety-six years old and in good health Wears a hearing aid and, according to his wife, Juanita, "he's a little slow-walkin but he s manipulatin real good and just wants to get up and go go go "

GO OH, HAVE YOUR FUN. IT'S ALWAYS THE CHILDREN THAT SUFFER LATER
Los Angeles secretary Jannene Swift married a fifty pound pet rock in a formal ceremony in Lafayette Park (1976)

IN AMERICA, WE'RE NOT SO CHOOSY. JUST GIVE US A LITTLE ONION DIP AND THE SEAT
Frenchman Michel Lotito, known as Monsieur Mangetout, broke his own record by eating fifteen pounds of bicycle He said the chain was the best part because it had "taste " (1978)

AH HONEST MISTAKE
Construction worker Danny James Bass of Dickson Tennessee, filed for an annulment after discovering that he had unwittingly married his mother (1984)

THOUGH NOT EXACTLY JUMPING FOR JOY
Two-year-old Brad Haines swallowed whole his pet turtle, Myrtle. Although he complained of no pain the doctors x-rayed him, revealing Myrtle in his stomach, very much alive (1968)

WE ESPECIALLY LIKED THE PEE OE DEUX
The Toronto *Globe and Mail* reviewed a new dance program that featured a dancer who slapped to center stage carrying a pail, then sat down and urinated into it The *Globe and Mail* described the program as a "ho hum evening" of dance (1980)

WHO SAYS AMERICAN MEN CAN'T OPEN UP?
Russell M Folston of Newcastle, Wyoming, was convicted of biting the nose off his girlfriend, Ginger Olson, to keep her from dancing with other men

Barney L Cobb of Birmingham Alabama, was convicted of beating his wife over the head with her pet Chihuahua. (1983)

WHY CAN'T HE ABUSE HIMSELF IN THE NORMAL WAY?
Eleven-year-old Mark Harman of London, England, learned to do his homework while lying on a bed of four hundred nails with his six-year-old sister sitting on top of him (1975)

SO WHAT'S A FEW HOURS OF HAPPINESS AFTER CENTURIES OF PERSECUTION?
Stanford Cohen of Miami rented the Orange Bowl to hold a bar mitzvah party for his son Harvey The celebration included three hundred friends a hundred member high school marching band, majorettes, waiters dressed as referees and waitresses dressed as cheerleaders. The scoreboard flashed HAPPY BIRTHDAY HARVEY (1978)

FOR SALE. '79 RID, GOOD COND., LEAKS
A couple in Frenchtown, New Jersey, was arrested for trying to trade their fourteen month old son James Jr for a 1977 black and-silver Corvette (1980)

WHY? WAS THERE A HOLE IN IT?
A jury in Newport, Tennessee ordered Stokely Van Camp's Inc. to pay a man $2,500 after he found a condom in a can of the company s pork and beans (1981)

LOUDER, LOUDER, OH, MY GOD, LOUDER!
New York inventor David Lloyd came out with "rock 'n-roll pants" for men and women bikinis that hook up to a stereo and cause vibrations in the crotch (1981)

DON'T BLAME DESENEX!
Thirteen-year-old Doug Pritchard of Lenoir, North Carolina, found a painful lump on his left foot The doctor he consulted discovered a tooth growing there (1978)

THE FUN PART IS THE SCHEAM WHEN YOU TUHN OH THE SLENDER
Dr J R Couch of Texas A & M University devised a method for making homogenized chicken from the whole adult bird, feathers, bones, and all (1972)

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

THUS BREAKING THE OLD MARK SET BY HENRY KISSINDER IN '72
Bob Fleming of Taylorville Illinois, set a world record in the Illinois Cow Chip Championships by hurling a lump of cow manure 177 9 feet (1976)

BOB FLEMING ON HIS ACHIEVEMENT: "I guess it s just a matter of finding the right cow "

ON HIS LIFE NOW: "I won seven years in a row—from '74 to '81 Then they made me quit My all-time record, which was in the Guinness Book of World Records is 219 6 feet I went far beyond the 177 9 feet you had listed in the magazine. My sister also won the competition I have a son in the Marine Corps—he's full of shit, too Shit runs in the family "

AFTER THAT, IT WAS INTO THE WOODSHED FOR DIGARS AND COGNAC
After asking what he was eating for dinner at the house of his father-in-law, Argentine Amaro Maturano was told the dish was roast dog. Maturano then went outside and strangled forty chickens, killed nine mules and three cows then set fire to a truck and a farmhouse. (1978)

If we've told you once, we've told you a thousand times, shut up and get them out there

A bimbo timeline

SOUNDS LIKE THE GIRL WE TOOK TO OUR PROM
The New York *Daily News* reported that CHRISTINE JORGENSEN the world's first transsexual has a receding hairline. (1962)

A TWENTY-ONE GUN SALUTE TO MISS CHRISTINE KEELEH
(Bang Bang Bang Bang Bang Bang Bang Bang Bang Bang Bang Bang Bang Bang Bang Bang Bang Bang Bang.) (1963)

1963
MANDY RICE DAVIES

BACK TO THE KITCHEN!
JAYNE MANSFIELD recorded an album for MGM, reading Shakespeare, Byron Shelley Browning, Yeats, Suckling, Dryden et cetera. (1964)

1965
GEORGE HAMILTON

YOU TELL HER ABOUT THE DINOSAURS, WE CAN'T BEAR IT
Twiggy Churchill? I remember him I don t really know what he did but he was an adorable old man a really decent man—a pity he died
Reporter Twiggy do you know what happened at Hiroshima?
Twiggy Where s that?
Reporter In Japan
Twiggy No. I've never heard of it. What happened there?
Reporter A hundred thousand people died on the spot, all at the same time
Twiggy Oh, God! When did you say it happened? Where? Hiroshima? But that s ghastly A hundred thousand dead? It s frightful Men are mad. (1967)

What do you tip a guy like that?
Albuquerque waiter Shun Hang Fung suffered burns on his arms shoulders and upper body when a flaming duck he was about to serve exploded in his face (1975)

Bang, bang, you're deaf
Officer Ralph McNail of the St Louis Police Department stuck bullets in his ears to deaden the noise of an Elton John concert (1982)

He loves me, he loves me not
Marcel Vogel an IBM chemist, scientifically proved that flowers are sensitive to violence Vogel wired a philodendron with a biochemical circuit, yelled at it and pulled off its leaves He reports that the charts went wild "with terror and pain." (1970)

Glendon Winniger, this bud's for you
Glendon Winniger of Bloomington Indiana, killed her boyfriend by repeatedly dropping a bowling ball on his head. (1985)

He's really a good kid—quiet, keeps to himself
Sharon Harnitz of Mankato Minnesota, gave birth to a baby boy she was not expecting. "I felt pressure and went to the bathroom," she said, "and that's when I saw the baby's foot in the mirror" (1985)

Will you guys stop staring at the big cheerleader with the stubble and concentrate on running this goddamn off-tackle play?
Charles Daugherty, twenty six, was arrested for criminal impersonation and falsifying school records after spending nearly two weeks at a high school in Colorado Springs disguised as a seventeen year-old girl. Calling himself Cheyen Weatherly Daugherty was chosen for the cheerleading squad and performed at a pep rally (1990)

Funny, he doesn't look Siouxish
Little Sun Bordeaux, a thirteen-year-old Sioux Indian, traveled to Israel to celebrate his bar mitzvah (1986)

Where Are They Now?

A man is mugged in Passaic, New Jersey, every twenty minutes. This is his story
Mike Maryn of Passaic New Jersey fifty-six, has been mugged eighty-three times in the past five years He has been hospitalized at least twenty times He has been stabbed, shot at twice, and hit over the head with a pipe His ear was partly cut off his nose broken his ribs kicked in, his teeth knocked out, and his skull fractured He has lost more than $2,000 in cash and several bags of groceries Four of his cars have been stolen Police offered him a walkie talkie so he could signal for help but he declined. "It would only be taken from me," he said. (1977)

Mike Maryn on his bereavement:
"I was dressed up all the time, and people asked me for a cigarette You give them a cigarette, you get hit over the head."

On his life now:
Attacked a total of 135 times "It's been a couple years since I was mugged I don't go out too much"

Or, just enough for a long weekend in the Hamptons
Mary Bates sued a Homer, Michigan funeral parlor after her deceased husband fell through the bottom of his casket as he was being carried to his grave The suit claimed that the shoddy coffin contained, in addition to Mr Bates, "rags newspapers, shredded paper and pantyhose" (1980)

Revenge of the Noids
Believing that he was the subject of Domino Pizza's "Avoid the Noid" ad campaign Kenneth Noid held two Domino's employees hostage in Chamblee, Georgia Commenting on the case, Police Chief Reed Miller said, "He's paranoid" (1989)

Follow Harold Bate's car, but not too closely
Harold Bate of Totnes, England, invented a device to distill the manure of pigs, cattle, chickens dogs, or humans into fuel for automobiles One hundred pounds of pig manure, he said would produce about eight gallons of "very high-performance stuff" (1973)

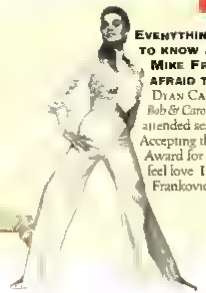
So hit her with a stick
Sofia Misilevich of Moscow died and came back to life again twenty-four times in two days (1977)

Don't tell us, tell Hammacher Schlemmer
Dr Brantley Scott, a urologist at St. Luke's Episcopal Hospital in Houston successfully tested a device for correcting primary impotence in men The mechanism, which he implanted surgically consists of two silicone rubber cylinders in the penis two bulbs in the scrotum, and a liquid storage area in the pelvic region. To make the penis erect, one bulb is squeezed and the liquid flows into the cylinder The penis remains erect until the other bulb is squeezed to evacuate the fluid (1973)

De William Shekspean Ennavoisery Avawhg to:
The residents of the Menorah Home and Hospital for the Aged and Infirm, an Orthodox Jewish home in New York, for performing their own version of *Macbeth* Highlight. Lady Macbeth "Did I do bad? I wanted my husband to be a somebody" Macbeth "A king I had to be? A fifteen room *kezel* wasn't good enough for you?" The year before, the company did *Romeo and Juliet* which featured a seventy-five-year-old Juliet who asked the eighty-two-year-old Romeo, "You Jewish?" (1964)

More bimbos

1967
Jane Fonda



Everything you always wanted to know about Mike Frankovich but were afraid to ask
Dyan Cannon was the sole member of *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice* who actually attended sessions at Esalen Institute Accepting the New York Film Critics Award for her performance she said "I feel love I feel gratitude I dig Mike Frankovich's smells" (1970)

1970
Joe Namath

We'll never forget what's his name
Erich Segal says he no longer wants publicity (1971)

Great Moments in Dubious History, 1961–1990

It's called Ripple
Henry Swan, a Colorado surgeon says he has discovered a chemical that allows human beings to "pseudohibernate" for a day or so. (1978)

When you gotta go, you gotta go
Michael Anderson Godwin, a convicted murderer who had avoided the electric chair, tried to fix a pair of headphones while sitting on a steel toilet seat and was accidentally electrocuted (1989)

While you're at it, tell us why lox is selling at eight dollars a pound
Israeli scientists were unable to explain why, at a certain point in the road between Jerusalem and Djahal Moukaber cars, footballs even water rolled uphill instead of down (1976)

And that's it for *Desperate and Dateless* coming up after the news: *Sylvia Plath's Cooking with Gas*
Mary Cooper fifty-eight, and George Reese, sixty both janitors, were married on the air after having met through a Cincinnati radio talk show called *Desperate and Dateless*. (1982)

Pass the butter
A man was admitted to a Connecticut hospital, where a two-foot-long piece of solid oat bran was removed from his small intestine. (1989)

For this I sent you four years to medical school?
Researchers at the Mount Sinai Medical Center in Miami Beach found that chicken soup is an "efficacious upper-respiratory-infection therapy" (1978)

Where Are They Now?

Alas, poor Elvis, he died too soon
A study by Dr David Margules of Temple University found that given a drug called naloxone, obese, impotent mice fed a steady diet of sweets will turn into "svelte studs" (1982)

Dr. David Margules on his achievement
"Naloxone may help mice lose weight but it only helps impotent mice, if you're a normal mouse, you're out of luck."

On his life now.
"I'm actually completing work on another paper If it doesn't work out, I might be in a position to qualify for another Dubious Achievement Award."

The Animal Kingdom

If you can't eat 'em, laugh at 'em

Bambi 1, Assholes 0
A hunter was killed on Long Island when the shotgun he was clubbing a deer with went off (1990)

See Stripe lay dead
Highway workers in East Greenwich Rhode Island, painted a yellow line across the body of a dead dog lying in their path (1980)

A good dane, not a great dane
In Denmark, a hunter was shot by his own dog, who stepped on a shotgun firing both barrels (1986)

"Om." "Honk!" "Om." "Honk!" "Om." "Honk!" *Thwack!*
A Northern Illinois University student was charged with destruction of university property after he killed William, the campus goose The student, who was sitting by a lagoon, whirled and struck the goose on the head with a stick when the bird startled him out of his "deep meditation" (1981)

You rang?
Koko, the "talking" gorilla that communicates with humans by using sign language, called her trainer "panty toilet dirty devil" (1980)

Take a left at Morris, you can't miss it
The South Carolina Highway Department accidentally painted a yellow stripe across a dead cat lying in a road (1987)

Garfield goes bahahah
Dale Davis of Greenwood, Indiana, was shot in the finger by his cat while sitting in his living room According to police, the cat and a .38 caliber pistol were on a nearby coffee table, when the cat jumped the gun went off (1983)

Bowwowwowhgod onmaniwannadiebow wowwow
Canadian animal clinics reported bad LSD trips suffered by dogs, monkeys, cats, and a parakeet (1970)

Bambi 2, Assholes 0
Two hunters in Greensburg, Pennsylvania, were arrested for shooting at a stuffed deer (1990)

We slow lunch
Discussing her new love affair Germaine Greer remarked "I rage, I melt I burn I spied this fellow and I was an immediate goner One look and zowie." (1972)

Done!
Burt Reynolds appears nude in *Cosmo* predicts that *Esquire* will award him a Dubious (1972)

That's okay, we just want to cuddle
Speaking at a news conference in New York Raquel Welch said "I'm rather puritanical I associate my body with intimate things that I can't share with the public." (1972)

Liability or collision?
Edy Williams insured her breasts for $1 million (1974)

The SHAME of DUBIOUS

WE'RE SORRY. BUT NOT THAT SORRY

How times change. We weren't always the paragons of enlightenment we are today. During the last thirty years, we've committed an unavowable string of racist, sexist, and homophobic gaffes and made a number of just plain dumbheaded calls. Lacking any substantive way to make it up to you all, we thought we would, in a true and sincere manner and in a spirit of global togetherness, apologize

First and foremost, to our Asian friends, for too many cheap and easy jokes based on Chinese laundries, takeout food, and bad pronunciation

VELLY RATE BUMMETINR FROM HONORARLE EAST: Japanese authorities, disturbed by the influx of Tokyo men who came clad in their underwear to enjoy an air-conditioned airport terminal, finally barred them from the grounds. "Something must be done to educate these people," said Prime Minister Ikeda. (1964)

To both Jews and blacks, who in their current strife do not see that their history and culture should give them common cause

THAT'R WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A JEW THIEG TO LIFT A TWENTY-POUNR WATERMELRN Sammy Davis Jr. spent six weeks recovering from "a misalignment of the liver caused by too much exertion in his small frame." (1972)

To animals

ORRR! A three-year study in Britain concluded that fish, when hooked, actually do feel pain (1981)

Then to homosexuals, victimized by a too-limited conception of masculinity

THITH THCEPTER'G ISLE . . . THITH PNETHIRUS THTONE THET IR THE THILVEN THEA . . . THITH ENRLARR . . . Elizabethan scholar A. L. Rowse declared in the London *Times* that Shakespeare was "highly, devotedly, passionately heterosexual—perhaps more than normally for an Englishman." (1971)

To Hispanics and Gothamites

A ONE-WAY TICRET TO PUERTR RICR TO: New York City (1975)

To our northern neighbors, a too-easy mark, after all, for the tempting but hurtful question "Dead or Canadian?"

WHY NOT JURT KICK OUT THE MOOSE? A college student in Ontario, Canada, was evicted from her home because neighbors complained that she moaned too much during sex. (1990)

To Rolling Stones fans, who must still be asking the question, "Who would be so cruel as to crush a butterfly upon a wheel?"

WERST GONG OF THE YEAR. "(I Can't Get No) Satisfaction" (1965)

To women, long oppressed by a patriarchal system that relegates them to second-class status

SHUT UP ANR EHOW US YOUR NEW TITS Explaining her new look on *Larry King Live*, Jessica Hahn said, "I had my nose done. I had my teeth recapped. I had my breasts done, and my lips are mine." (1988)

But we will never, ever, no matter how many times you picket our offices, threaten our children, or cancel your subscriptions, pretend we're sorry for

I CAN'T MANG IT TONIGHT, JARK, I'M HAVING MY RWANF REPRILLER WLIZ, a Detroit radio station, sponsored a dwarf bowling contest in which a four-foot-two man was strapped to a skateboard and hurled at the tenpins. (1989)

To our Polish friends, newly liberated from Soviet tyranny and much in need of a long-deserved "Hey, nice job, guys"

AND POLANO'R RUT IN FRONT: Two hours after the start of a cross-country race in Malaysia, all forty-three contestants were found six miles from the finish running in the wrong direction. (1970)

And to the poor

TAKE THE GKEEN STAMPS ANG SHUT UP, SKINNY After a twenty-one-day hunger strike "to draw some affinity with the poor and hungry of the nation," Deacon Edward Guinan demanded $3.92 worth of free food from a Washington Safeway, asserting his "natural, human right" to the food. Safeway refused. (1970)

NOW, IF SHE COULG CORVERT THEM INTO CONDOMIRIUMG, SHE COULG NETINE By increasing her silicone inflated breasts to even greater size—forty-four inches—San Francisco topless dancer CAROL DODA got her salary raised from $36,000 to $44,000 annually. (1974)

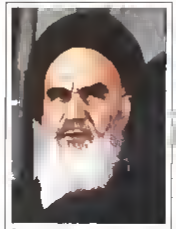
MEANWHILR, ROWN ON THE BOWERY, RIN TIN TIN IR GRUGGING RUTTS ANG WASHING WINGSHIELGS While in New York for an engagement at Radio City Music Hall, LASSIE stayed in a $380 a-day suite at the Plaza Hotel. (1978)

ATTENTION BARRIN-ROGGINS! "We are so much alike," said MARGARET TRUDEAU of her newfound companion, singer Lou Rawls. "Don't you think we could have a beautiful chocolate colored daughter together?" (1979)

Still more bimbos

DICTATORS' CORNER

A SALUTE TO THE BOLD, BRASH, UNCOMPROMISING VISIONARIES WHO NEVER LET HUMANITY GET IN THE WAY OF A GOOD TIME



A SCATHING, RELF-SERVING CRITIQUE IR THE *TEHRAN REVIEW OF BOOKS* WOULG HAVE SUFFICED Ayatollah Khomeini called for the death of Salman Rushdie, author of *The Satanic Verses*. (1989)

GRRR REWR FRR JEWISH AMERICAN PRINCESSRR Colonel Muammar Qaddafi declared that the Libyan army is "capable of destroying America and breaking its nose." (1986)

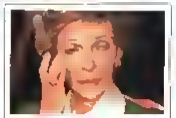
HE EVEN TANEG THEM INTERNALLY, THR ARELERR PIZZA FACE *Penthouse* magazine reported that Panamanian general Manuel Noriega uses Grecian Formula and pimple cream. (1988)

EAT SOMEONE, YOU'LL FEEL RETTER Ugandan president Idi Amin praised Hitler's extermination of the Jews. (1972)

STILL, YOU COULG ALWAYS COUNT IR THAT SLIGHTLY RUNNT CHOCOLATE MINT IN YOUR PILLOW Real estate tycoons Leona and Harry Helmsley were charged with 235 felony counts of tax evasion and falsifying business records. (1988)

THE ALBERT SCHWEITZER HUMANITARIAN AWARG TO Critic John Simon who, at a New York play, exclaimed, "Homosexuals in the theater! My God, I can't wait until AIDS gets all of them!" (1985)

ANG WERE THE STEAKS TO YRUR RATIEFACTION, MON RÉNÉNAL? Retired General William C. Westmoreland contended that the nude girl running down the road in the famous Vietnam photo had not been napalmed but had in fact been burned by a hibachi. (1986)



HANOJOG OF THE YEAR Nancy Reagan summoned her Los Angeles manicurist to the capital to do her nails for the President's seventieth birthday celebration. (1981)

YEAH, RUT RHE MADE CHARLIE BROWN'R TOY TRAIRR RUN FR TIME The Italian Communist press declared the comic strip character Lucy, of *Peanuts*, a fascist. (1963)

PICTURE THIS! *Life* magazine revealed that the late CIA director William Casey "chewed on his tie and drooled so copiously that his phone mouthpiece had to be cleaned daily." (1987)

A PERMANENT REAT AT OUN EEGEN TAGLE TO Kurt Waldheim (1986)

1990 BO DEREK

1980 STEVE GARVEY

OUT OF THE JEANS OF BABES In the July *Ladies' Home Journal*, BROOKE SHIELDS admitted that she had kissed boys but denied that she had ever been sexually aroused—"at least I don't think so," she said. "I believe I'll know it when I feel it." (1981)

HOUSEFLIER RITA JENRETTE (1981) PAULA PARKINSON (1981)

The Dubious All-Stars

Celebrating the many lifetime achievers to whom we owe so little

Thomas Eagleton

One man, one tolt
Senator Thomas Eagleton accepts the Democratic vice-presidential nomination without telling presidential nominee George McGovern that he had undergone shock therapy. (1972)

The Man of God

Nekt time you're io town, rall un ano we'll hate lunch
When asked if a homosexual would make a good preacher Billy Graham says, "I don't know, I never met one." (1975)

Give a dano
Jerry Falwell urges Americans to support the Sonth African government by buying Krugerrands. (1985)

Jawr V
Jessica Hahn says that the Reverend Jim Bakker told her that he couldn t be satisfied by his wife Tammy Faye because she was "very big." (1987)

Teas of the veas
Jimmy Swaggart (1988)

Ase tou stomping with me, Jesus?
Oral Roberts urges followers to "bruise the devil's head" when they walk by writing "Jesus" on the soles of their shoes (1988)

Spiro Agnew

A few fractured peltises would havr made the point jurt as well
Vice-President Agnew says the National Guardsmen "overreacted" by killing four Kent State students. (1970)

Wheae was he when thet needed him at Kent State?
Spiro Agnew strikes three spectators with his first two shots during a guest appearance at the Bob Hope Desert Classic. (1971)

Al Sharpton

We'll take that chanoe
While serving a ten-day jail sentence, the Reverend Al Sharpton says, "Even if they wrap chains around my mouth, they will not keep me from roaring." (1990)

Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton

This is mt beloved
Richard Burton describes Elizabeth Taylor to a reporter: "She has a double chin and an overdeveloped chest, and she s rather short in the leg. So I can hardly describe her as the most beautiful creature I've ever seen." (1963)

George Bush

Wheseas, if he wosked fos you, he'o have to do pee-pee in a jas
Returning from a trip to China, Vice-President Bush says that if a Chinese official in the 1970s had shown Americans the same friendliness he demonstrated in 1986, "he would have been in deep doo-doo." (1986)

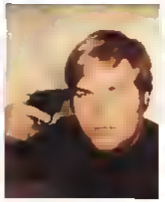
Ooh, ososs!
Campaigning in Twin Falls, Idaho, George Bush boasts that he and Ronald Reagan "have had triumphs, we have made mistakes, we have had sex." (1988)

Yet, despite thin countly oertune, she emains sitteo about the rex with Reagan
During an interview with CBS, George Bush patted his wife Barbara's backside. (1988)

Try the tank-squarher ruck
On the anniversary of the Tiananmen Square massacre, President Bush and his family eat at the Peking Gourmet in Bethesda, Maryland. (1990)

The American Psycho

Theo he rtarr them with koittioo needles and makes them back iito soeks
Mass murderer Charles Manson says he spends his time in prison pulling apart socks with his teeth and making the yarn into dolls. (1980)



Sure, these's one man in Ameoica eeady to make a commitment, and they have him locked up
John Hinckley Jr. loses his chance to leave Washington's St. Elizabeth's Hospital on a field trip when the Secret Service finds a copy of a letter he sent to obtain a sketch of Jodie Foster in the nude. (1982)

We don't know much about mass mudres, but we know what we like
Convicted killer John Wayne Gacy exhibits his paintings at galleries in Boston, Phoenix, and Chicago. (1989)

Lindertis Evulse

Loves op the teas
Lindertis Evulse, a $276,400 Aberdeen Angus bull, underwritten by Lloyds of London to impregnate at least one heifer in a six month guaranty period, is imported to Wappingers Falls, New York. He flunks his fertility tests. (1983)

No ourory pos me, hurse I'll jurt ssaze my way iito the opegatine room
Lindertis Evulse undergoes surgery to try to correct his condition. (1965)

His glands do maschine on
Lindertis Evulse is dead, but his malfunctioning parts are being studied in an effort to discover exactly what went wrong. (1966)

The Lindertis Evulse Impotent Bull Memosial Tsopht to
A stud goat in Leeds, England, which, after four years of studding, turns out to be a female. (1967)

Michael Jackson

Why oo to all that trourle just to look like Kirk Douolar?
Michael Jackson writes in *Moon Walk*, "I have never had my cheeks altered or my eyes altered. I have not had my lips thinned, nor a skin peel. I have had my nose altered twice, and I added a cleft to my chin, but that s it." (1988)

Gary Hart

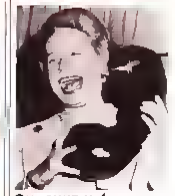
The only othes sice you can make in a minute (1987)

Ed Koch

Beulah, peel me a congreermae
New York congressman Ed Koch says the National Organization for Women's Susan B. Anthony celebration was "the most exciting night for me since I boycotted grapes with Gloria Steinem at Gristede's." (1971)

Ich bin ein schmuck!
While visiting the Berlin Wall, New York City mayor Ed Koch suddenly shouts at East German soldiers, "I'm here! It s me! It s Mayor Koch! I'm here!" (1984)

Martha Mitchell



Oh, shut up!
"I'm little Martha Mitchell. No righ, no rhyme, nor reason why I have to withhold my thonghts."

"Margaret Mead caused a lot of the trouble. She advocates taking drugs and early marriage. She and those other spooks just want to get their names in the paper."

"I'm calling from the bathroom upstairs so John won't hear me."

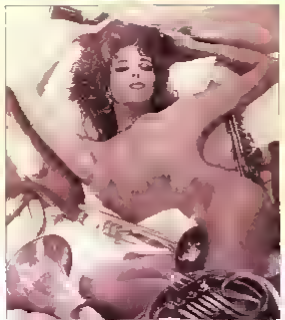
"I can't get over saying *colonel*. I said it all my life. All the Negroes seem to resent it and I don't know why." (1970)

Mark Spitz

Pee-in-toilet swim-in-pool
Asked who wrote his speeches, Mark Spitz replies: "Having a speech writer would be definitely too plastic. I just try to remember six key words before every talk." (1973)

Even more bimbos

Sest hew page
Pia Zadora (1982)



1982
Roxanne Pulitzer

She's se rettes as Judith Exner
Elizabeth Ray auditioned for the role of Ethel in a new play about Robert Kennedy. (1984)

Mayre she thinks you're a dosk
John Travolta described his costar in *Perfect*, "I m not sure if Jamie Lee wants to make love to me or not," he wrote. "Maybe we should just play it by ear. Maybe she is waiting for me to take over. Maybe I should ask." (1985)

1988
Helga

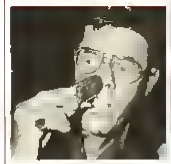
But aside from all that, ase my doos killine me!
While campaigning for her husband, Imelda Marcos said: "Beauty is love made real, and the spirit of love is God. And the state of beauty, love, and God is happiness. A transcendent state of beauty, love, and God is peace. Peace and love is a state of beauty, love, and God. One is an active state of happiness, and the other is a transcendent state. That s peace." (1986)

We like a candirate who layr it all on the table
After being elected to the Italian Parliament, porn queen Ilona Staller celebrated her victory by baring her breasts in the Piazza Navona. (1987)

David Duke

At our toga parties, egee of tee sheets has eyeebles
During a senatorial campaign commercial, Louisiana congressman David Duke explains his former Ku Klux Klan membership, saying: "There are different Klans—just like there's different fraternities at a college." (1990)

Jerry Lewis



Ta say roteieg op your eaircut, your suits, your voice, your eams, your ears, your sor, your soe's saes, your reputation ie frahee . . .
Jerry Lewis tells *Los Angeles* magazine that the reason many people hated him was that he was "a multifaceted, talented, wealthy internationally famous genius." (1980)

Mike Tyson

A split decisiih
Accepting the degree, Tyson says: "I don't know what kind of doctor I am. But watching all these beautiful sisters here, I'm debating whether I should be a gynecologist." (1989)

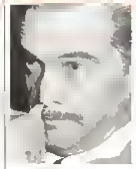
Ph.Duh
Central State University in Ohio awards Mike Tyson an honorary doctorate in humane letters. (1989)

Tee gootsr will punch you new
In *Fire and Fear*, by José Torres, Tyson admits that he likes "to hurt women" when he makes love to them: "I like to hear them scream with pain—to see them bleed." (1989)

Nelson Rockefeller

Class will tell
Vice President Nelson Rockefeller returns in kind the gesture of a heckler in Binghamton, New York. (1976)

Howard Hughes



Well, you drip the fer firmly setweee your teeth aeg lower your head to the paper—or, teere's a stairless-steel srace you oah set at Hammacher Schlemmer . . .
Howard Hughes asks, "How the hell could I write my name if I had eight-inch fingernails?" (1972)

Wanted: live-in ompahish fsr wealtey gentleman. Must have athlete's foot, livsr spots, ars se willing to crow siset-irce finsereaile. No exp. req.
Clifford Irving contends that Howard Hughes had a man with identical medical problems to try out medicines Hughes had to take. (1972)

Frank Sinatra

Mama mia!
Frank Sinatra, Hollywood's leading Democrat, supports Ronald Reagan for reelection. Says Sinatra: "We share the same desires for the welfare of the people." (1970)

Wiye teis eeasgress oe they'll eever recogeize me
Frank Sinatra offers to work for the CIA at a hush hush meeting with CIA director George Bush. Sinatra says that he is always flying around the world and meeting people like the shah of Iran and the British royal family. (1976)

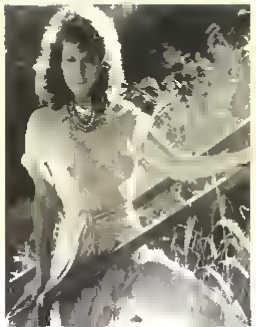
Dowe, scy!
Criticizing the press to *Entertainment Tonight* reporter Barbara Howar, Frank Sinatra says: "Let me tell you something! You're all dead! Every one of you is *dead, dead, dead!*" (1985)

So set 'em up, Joe
Kitty Kelley's unauthorized biography of Frank Sinatra claims that the singer once ate ham and eggs from the chest of a prostitute. (1986)

Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis

Dear Mr. Pyecgeon: As you know, I've seee aseeg to tie up a few loose eegs in your agorable new sooe. (My, it's a fat masterpiece!) As you oah see, I've mase a few teehsy pencil mares, one oh page 6, the other on page 7. The rent looes sublime . . .
Jacqueline Onassis is hired as an editor at Viking Press. (1975)

If it's any coneolatioe, you are eead ie show business
Following the takeover of the PTL by Jerry Falwell, Tammy Faye Bakker said, "I wake up every morning wishing they had killed me, and Jim does, too." (1987)



Weigh of us hasn't told *Playboy* the same thing weile posing in our underwear?
In a *Playboy* interview, Jessica Hahn declared, "I am not a bimbo . . ." (1987)

Thahes of a grateful ration
Donna Rice refused to tell Barbara Walters whether or not she slept with Gary Hart "because it's a question of dignity." (1987)

You're still no Jessioa Hahr
Fawn Hall said that her involvement in the Iran contra scandal "made me realize that probably I'm a lot deeper person than I thought I was." (1987)

A Duel for Dubious Dominance

Nixon vs. Reagan

Richard M. Nixon and Ronald Reagan have done more than any other individuals to give body, indeed, even a spiritual penumbra to the term "Dubious Achievement." But *guién es más* Dubious? To answer the question, we asked both to take part in this untelevised debate.

Frese futz op Yorsa Liesa
On a tape-recorded tour of the Nixon Library, Nixon says: "I have often thought that if there had been a good rap group around in those days, I would have chosen a career in music instead of politics." (1990)

Gentleman, do you have any opening remarks?

Ahd in sloge letters
A script discovered by Sam Donaldson revealed that even the most casual comments by President Reagan ("Otis, what are your thoughts?") were written in advance. (1988)

Could you sum up in a few words your personal philosophies?

Lesson #2: Ose't order the fish for the in-flight meal
Asked what the greatest lesson of Watergate was, Richard Nixon said, "Just destroy all the tapes." (1986)

Not that I mear to simihise their impontarce on Jeopardy!
In his speech to the Republican convention, President Reagan misquoted John Adams and said, "Facts are stupid things." (1988)

Except fsr Pat's sooirs weeh I waleeg into the seersom
Asked how it felt to be "the most vilified man in American politics," former President Nixon said, "It didn't bother me that much." (1984)

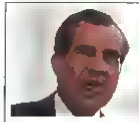
Forgive an impertinent question, but have you ever told a lie?

Here's your eat, what's yeur hurry?
In an interview with *The New York Times*, Ronald Reagan promised to resign from the presidency if he went senile. (1980)

He eeard these gentle voices calling eld slaoe Jew
After Sammy Davis Jr. entertained at the White House, President Nixon remarked that his favorite number was Davis's rendition of "Mr. Bojangles." "It brings tears to your eyes," said Nixon. (1973)

A word, if you will, gentlemen, on the enduring problem of racial tension.

Teis just in—the President's brain is missies
In a radio interview, President Reagan said that South Africa has "eliminated the segregation that we once had in our own country." (1985)



You are statesmen, but you are also men. How do you view the state of relations between the sexes?

Fuck, no!
Moments before beginning an interview with David Frost, President Nixon turned to Frost and asked, "Well, did you do any fornicating this weekend?" (1976)

Maybe that's why ee taees all those haps
Actress Viveca Lindfors said that Reagan used to tell her that sex was best "in the afternoon, after coming out of the shower." (1981)

Surely, even in the lives of such serious men as yourselves, there are some light moments you can recount for us.

Alert! Tricky Dice on the loose!
Former Secret Service agent Marty Venker revealed that when Richard Nixon went to the doctor's office, "he used to put the examination gown on backward and tramp down the hall with the front flying open. The nurses would stop in their tracks." (1988)

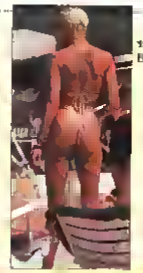
Now that's ertentainment!
Before a radio broadcast, President Reagan said, "My fellow Americans: I've signed legislation that will outlaw Russia forever. We begin bombing in five minutes." (1984)

Thare God Checkers ish't alive to see this
In the wake of Watergate, Richard M. Nixon was forced to resign as President. (1974)

Of your many accomplishments which most qualifies you for the title Most Dubious Man of the Last Thirty Years?

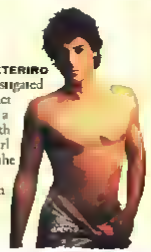
The Reagan camp has no response.

Thank you, both. We have reached our decision, and the winner is . . .



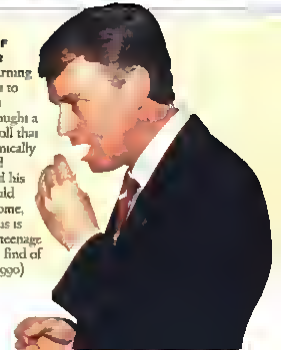
1987
Brigitte Nielsen

Breaeing and eeteriro
Rob Lowe was investigated by the Atlanta district attorney for making a sexual videotape with a sixteen-year-old girl during the week of the 1988 Democratic National Convention. (1989)



1990
Marla Maples

Borer of tee year
While returning from a visit to Chile, Dan Quayle bought a souvenir doll that was anatomically exaggerated. Quayle told his wife, "I could take this home, Marilyn, this is something teenage boys might find of interest." (1990)



A farewell to bimbos

Richard M. Nixon! Always and Forever. . .

The Eternal Question

For thirty agonizing years, we have sought the reason for that grotesque and inexplicable Nixon laugh. Finally we realized that the answer was most likely to come from the ranks of Nixon's peers, his fellow Dubious Achievers. We polled them and what follows are their responses. Somewhat amazingly, a few actually reached the same conclusion. We leave it to future scholars to unearth any conspiracies.

"Mr. Nixon is not laughing! He has just caught himself in his zipper!" —Walter Cronkite

"This man is laughing because he has refuted Lincoln by fooling all of the people all of the time." —Arthur Schlesinger Jr.

"He heard Spiro Agnew is looking for work." —Jerry Lewis

"The photograph was taken in 1951 at a brunch thrown by Concerned Republicans Angry at Poor People, where a young Dick was filling in as keynote speaker for an indisposed Roy Cohn. As Nixon left the podium he was greeted by close chum Whittaker Chambers. Jocular trade humor ensued—fake body punches, fat jokes. Then Chambers quipped, 'Remember, Dick-face [a pet name], you can fool all of the people some of the time . . . more than once!' Nixon cracked up, a flash popped, the rest is magazine history." —Ron Reagan

"That expression was not laughter at all—it was pain. The hidden camera in the john just off the Oval Office, caught the awful instant the Vice-President caught himself in his zipper—it was ghastly. It was from that moment that the foul language and the surly behavior began. He never quite got over it." —Pat Boone

"The wisdom of the ages cries out for silence from me." —Ben Stapleff

"I'm stumped." —Bob Woodward

"Gerald Ford . . . Jimmy Carter . . . Ronald Reagan . . . George Bush." —Carl Bernstein

Frankly, we found none of these replies credible, and so we turned in desperation to Richard M. Nixon himself—through his former spokesman, Ron Ziegler.

"I have no interest in commenting on this at this time." —Ron Ziegler (through a spokesman)

What can we say? We are crushed but not beaten. We will—we must—continue our search. We pledge to keep running this damn photo as long as it takes, until someday, someone, somewhere can tell us:

Why is this man laughing?

. . . And Ever? Dubious: The Next Thirty Years

Shut up and chew up your text
With his inauguration only two days away, President-elect Cuomo said that he was still undecided about whether to go to Washington, take the oath of office, and make a speech. (1993)

Hold the Russian
Lenin's body was removed from its tomb and eaten by starving Muscovites. (1994)

The kitty litter sequence is even worse
Time-Warner-Purina released a double video CD, *Madonna Meows Live in Central Park*, which contains footage of her notorious on-stage furball regurgitation before 850,000 horrified outdoor concertgoers. (1995)

Seven out of eight ain't bad
White House Clarification Officer Lawrence Whittaker announced that President Quayle misspoke only once at his last press conference, leaving out the word not when he said, "We must go to war with China." (1998)

We still prefer Andre Segovia's Pee Reels & Kathie Lee
Avant-garde artist Christo wrapped miles of adhesive tape over the mouth of radio talk-show host Rush Limbaugh. (1999)

Take the money and run
Corbin Smullett, a sixteen-year-old hacker from Fond-du-Lac, Wisconsin, penetrated the U.S. Treasury's computer code and, as a practical joke, transferred the entire $6.8 trillion national debt to his mother's Visa card account, causing his father to suffer a heart attack. (2000)

Our favorite character in Captain Renan, the perpetual Betty Ford Clinic inmate trying to kick his plankton dependency
Alexandra Ripley's *Moby Dick and Moby Jane*, the sequel to Melville's classic, arrived on *The New York Times* best-seller list in the number one position. In Ripley's book, the famed white whale moves to Miami, meets a sexy manatee, and helps her escape from Sea World. (2001)

That'n my bunny boy
Vice-President D'Amato told the *New York Post*, America's last remaining newspaper, that videofax transmissions from Uranus proved conclusively that he had done nothing wrong in the Iran-cosmos scandal, in which a cartel headed by Neil Bush sold the sun to Third World narco-terrorist bankers. (2002)

Vote for him or you'll never work in the Pacific Rim again
Heralding a new era of "synergistic relationships and really powerful lunches," Michael Ovitz was elected prime minister of Japan. (2005)

The signed content of our Wintour
Vogue editor Anna Wintour admitted that she had forgotten to put any editorial matter in the April 2008 issue. The issue did, however, include 682 pages of advertising, 378 of which were perfume samples. (2008)

We only buy it for the sprint section
The New England Journal of Medicine reported that people who read *The New England Journal of Medicine* are more likely to die of cancer, heart disease, and stroke than people who do not. (2014)

We never liked it, anyway; we only went along because of peer pressure
John Nixon Eisenhower, newly appointed editor of Esquire, said that the annual Dubious Achievement Awards, now sixty years old, would be discontinued as the feature is "sophomoric, unfunny and full of filthy, impure thoughts." (2021)

[continued from page 84] I think. I don't mean mere geography. Geography and history would put her up in the mountain temples, I guess, almost prereligious. When their god first joined their bodies, the very dawning. She's happily sworn off her god. I've wondered about that, but I believe her real gods were earlier, even before the Prophet, so perhaps she's just renewed herself with them."

A conversation of this length among us was already near preposterous, and I was numbed. The little woman held back now, having got see deep. This Christian wasn't without her dramatic sense, I tell you. You could imagine her wooing the heathen.

"So what did she do?"

"We're so blamed careful and close kept over here. We forget or doubt there are any secrets to know, damn us. They burst out in our dreams and then are promptly destroyed by the breakfast bacon."

"You want me to beg, Miss Rawling?"

She giggled.

"Then, yes, I beg."

"All righty. I'm turning red and glad you can't see it. This thing, this creature, who has never uttered one vile word, never anything like a curse—chaste, docile, schoolgirlish—heard one of the girls mention something about the lack of pleasure in all this sand. She, Miss Lee, found us curiously deprived, it seems, forgetting her own acrobatic gifts. Hadn't they remembered the easiest thing? 'Why it's so simple!' our darling said. She didn't care whether they kept the lights on, but they were cut, and out came the flashlights, nearly all the women gathered around.

"She got up on the map table, got rid of her boots, then pants, then drawers. I swear, it was all so innocent, so girlish, so much in the spirit of 'us girls around the campfire' that nobody said a word and nobody left. Race, creed, religion, proclivities—all hypnotized. This Newton Lee—Wow! they used to say—raised her legs to behind her head, steadied herself on her hands, dropped her neck to herself, and promptly, with her tongue, well, finesse, finis! With full moans, not quiet. Moments later she raised her face, eyes closed and perfect bliss in her smile. Finally she said, 'And that is "the Lonely Woman." Didn't you know, my friend.' We felt very strange. There was, believe you me, please, nothing *wrong* with it. Though for us it was impossible."

"Really, why did you tell me this?"

"To appear worldly, I guess. I supposed it would be something you'd like. I was the anthropologist more than the missionary, never admitted. Also I'm in love with her. I thought we'd be friends in that."

"Well, this will take time... to adjust to. But thank you, I guess."

"Isn't that exactly like us, now? Whereas she was instant. And happy. One remembers these are the people we are killing."

So, Mother, it's now on the page. You tell me low or high or simply *alien*. I still can't decide. I'm not right about it, despite what's happened since. Are *you* all right about this? Should I have told you?

Yo, that one cut off the lights, neighbors!

We'll be digging up or spending a great deal of time on phantom imaging if this keeps up. Honestly, I'd quit caring whether we were hit or not, but with Miss Lee I am a whole different rocketeer with all passion as has not been flattened by this clerkish trade. There are more scrupulous ways to find them and shoot them, I suppose, though the heap of my creative tide passed years ago, I suspect, along with my brown hair.

Newton must not perish.

She is innocent, not a real part of them or us. I saw her at dinner, eating a hard roll for a long time. She was dainty and near reverent toward the thing. You could tell she had once starved. I could barely stand it. I saw that she was looking to save the rest of her meal, but there was no way politely to do it. Her eyes flew around, defeated, though a pleasant smile stayed on her. The little English she has is halting but precise.

The trailer suddenly shook from a very nearby one. Sand and lead rain fell into the dinner. That was it for all of us. We jumped by to stations.

They are grooming her to actually shoot, so she stands right by me now and I am watching her doubly. That is, on the instructions and for her true eyes. Does she really want to pull the trigger on her old friends? Is she going to be this complaisant all the way? We've not got a zombie here, after all. The trigger doesn't match with the dance and acrobatics and her general tenderness toward others, including me, though I want more than the pro forma from her, in my mediocrity in my priesthood. So in truth I see her triply. How is her inner bosom reckoning with me? How do I move, what do I say? I'm sick when she's there.

It sounded grim and hideous, but one day it got out clear.

"I love you, Miss Lee."

She seemed shocked and maybe stunned. But she looked full on me, a brave one. It occurred to me she might be, after all, a lover of women. Then I would be just some vocal piece of rubbish beside her.

What was she, thirty, forty? She quit smiling. "These times... do not seem fervent for that, sir."

Fervent. My savage. I dwindled, dilapidated. But she looked full on me, wishing for a change in herself, I hoped. Then she punched in and fired a missile.

THE COMMANDER HIMSELF was in back of us, watching, without my knowledge, the next morning. This was the day I had hoped for an opening in her bosom, some sign, some exotic signal from her, punching through our technical statuary. My hunk had given me no sleep. My head refused to sweeten me with a dream of Miss Lee. When I noticed him I went frigid. The truth is we would rather be evaporated by a hit than face his wrath. Our forces knew their Commander. He's younger than I. He did not rise so quickly for nothing. He laughs wildly and rebukes wildly. Witness Thurman the kleptomo who had to drive into no-man's-land in a rover with a fluorescent bull's-eye painted on it. It took them a half hour, but a mere cannon finally caught him.

The way he put his hand to her waist (she leaped toward the console), the way he was dressed today—suave in individualized camo, almost like a rich citizen sportsman, the lack of flamboyant accoutrements, his hair freshly oiled under the beret, stars in a cluster at the peak, cigarette in a holder—I dreaded to know what I knew. She was for him, all this having to shoot and know the general ropes, it was to bring her over to him, grooming her for the right day, not far off, when her dance would be required for him alone. As he had gone some lengths to subtle-ize himself so his handsomeness could be seen in relief. I was even sicker. This thing in my heart, old near-ossified ball, went to a cold oyster.

When she faced him I doubt she knew all that. She did not seem wooed at all, more frightened. I've no idea what he said to her, because my ears pounded. What she said at the last—"I believe I am making satisfactory progress, sir"—could have been said to me, and I took pleasure in her flatness. He walked off.

I went into an anguished study—What to say? What to ask?—and could not find the thing until late evening at the end of the watch.

"Miss Lee. What is it here you miss the most? The thing you can't get anymore. Is it... something important?"

I was happy she was caught out, actually pausing to think, not looking timid about it either. It thrilled me she was giving something from my voice this much time. Her Mediterranean lips pursing, they withered me. Murdering for her, rocking thought, flew around my brain again.

"I believe certainly it is my cup of hot river-root tea. Ceruba. It's rare and hard to make, but I know how." The memory of the tea brought a fine glow on her face.

"How could I get it for you?"

She laughed. "It's impossible. The roots are on the banks of that little stream in no-man's-land. Very mined. Very barbed-wired. Very... sell-homicidal. Suicidal. Either for them... or we."

THAT NIGHT ONE OF THEIRS took the whole periscope off and we were optically blinded. A spitting thunder for a second, and then into supply behind us. Several were killed back there, and we'd have to wait a whole week for the periscope. The feeling was we'd simply dig up and go fairly soon. It was preposterous.

The next morning I was spelled, and I drifted back among the wrecked trucks, jeeps, and rovers. I wasn't far from the Commander's bunker itself. Above the steps you could see where his HQ sign had been tumped over by the blast. I went over and straightened it. The weather was moderate and there were even some oasis gulls about. I envied them and saw them flying over no-man's-land, in the direction of that little stream, I supposed. The map showed it forty miles down the track.

Yes, one of the rovers was untouched. The morning was hurrying along and I remembered I am ground blind at night. This accelerated me, though the time was ample.

I hadn't even a pistol. What was the use, except for myself? I remembered I chuckled just about all the way holding up the little shovel as if it was a grave threat to them. I was doing forty in some lucky tight sand. Then I'd romped down some loose monumental dune, still chuckling. Newton Lee's description of the tree and the roots sang in my head like an avowal of love, despite the fact she ran through it as if reading the back of a cereal box. Wounded by a mine, I'd spade myself to death before the heathen swarmed me. Out there where time forgot, for good reason, I wondered what god would hand over this dry pointless filth to anybody. It was almost a poor joke graphic on a computer screen. "Fuck you" went with it. Things livened up near the stream, however. They began shooting at me. Nothing attached to it, no men or artillery snouts, but several smack-downs in clusters of antipersonnel. You believe this? I was flattered. I felt enormous. They were using up a magnificent storm on me. That stuff was devastating all around me, weaving back and forth, not chuckling. Maybe they hit mines too. I was quite the sand man.

The barrage was so dead-on me and panicked, they walked it right down in front and blew gaps in their own wire. Through which I motored to the edge of the cut and looked down at the minitrees on the stream. The water was gasping along through a crooked ditch, the bank black-green like you never see out here, with my friends the gulls yapping like a mutiny of proprietors. Up on the farther bluff across the way, at last, at last. Poor but each man with a different head wrap—burnoose, turban, beanie, bits of an angry sunset. Dead was no concern, but wounded was, so I went down with my spade and almost straightaway saw the signs she described and started chopping into the loam under the weedy Ceruba.

I got several goodish chunks and overdid the haul, as a good Westerner would, so I was really burdened when I went back up the bluff. They'd almost stopped shooting. Then there was no shooting at all when I made the top and saw them all, just waiting there with near-melting gun barrels, looking at me. Above my head I raised one Ceruba root. They knew exactly what it was because they began cheering. I held the root aloft, still in a chuckling dream, and here they continued hurrahing and pumping their guns. Quite a tribute from those wild dry throats. It was an acme in my existence. I wish I could remember it better. Shrill calls scattering the gulls. I enjoyed their great politeness in not firing at me anymore, so my trip back was unhurried, the only hazard being my pitiable, blind self-esteem, which caused a near-disaster off the backside of a running dune about halfway home.

Altogether I guess the enemy have done a fair job, given their poverty and lemmingward cause. The longer we stay, the better they like it, I think. Spiritually they are here forever and our people certainly aren't. Except, that is, for fixtures like me, hired out of no place, no history, no real biology, even. The war has never concerned me, as was so I should be the last trusted voice about whatever gallantry is ascribed to anybody. Until I found the roots for Newton Lee, I was assured that deaths in our trailer would barely count anyway. They would not be killing anybody at all, only emptying their precious ammunition.

Sure there was hell to pay back at the trailer. The Commander stopped my rover with his foot and was apoplectic, especially when he saw the roots and knew their purpose. I was a filthy dwindled thing. Nobody could believe I was alive. The surgeon almost never let me go positive I had shock or concussion. Or was cuckoo. That diagnosis has not been lifted. After all, I could be dreadfully harmful, even with my small powers. I was watched.

Newton Lee was very charmed, very incredulous. She saved making the tea until I could sit with the regular crew—regular as wallpaper. We all had a cupful. It was black and licoricelike, with maybe a note of ginger thrown in. Nobody liked it like she did, going away in a swept trance, smiling for an hour. We were courteous and for her I was determined to be as exotic as she liked, in my characterless way. On the other hand, there was something in me now. Something to me. I could feel it. It was not quite wanton, or *demandlike* but something new was there.

Perhaps you can buy love, perhaps your desperation can bring a treasured bosom close to you. The old dusty library tales might still be fetching around with reality, having their stubborn fun with us of thick hides and brains in our skin. Newton Lee gazed, hypnotized. She'd always been there for the old tales, I guess, and couldn't help herself. I was amazed by her look and unsettled. Close to indecorous it was. The Commander sat right beside me, now my supposed winking avuncular, when he saw how Newton Lee was stuck on me. I could tell he was trying to turn it all into a trivial prank, with him as the generous honcho who, out of his sternness, couldn't help but forgive this human folly as a boost to morale. He treated me as if I'd got some nostalgic disease like mumps. Which would enlarge him and make him beloved in his inconsistency. Especially to her.

He was looking harder at her all the time.

What a vicious bust to him that she watched only me, having something wordless, savage, and long with me. He blew up and left. I was extremely frightened and wanted her to be more subtle.

"You are so watched. I am so happy in you," she said at supper, so softly as in he under the clack of the plastic utensils.

Happy in me.

What was I allowed to dream in that? Was this the definite thing? The avowal? The victory? "They watch me for bad things, not just for good," I told her.

"Pretty soon I am called to dance personally for him, tomorrow, I think. I hate this. Do you think, my root-finding man, there is another way to be a patriot over here?"

I was torn up.

"I could dance badly, couldn't I? I could be clumsy... ugly."

"No, you couldn't," I said.

THE PERISCOPE GONE, the radar practically asleep except for incoming, the night shift halved, with Willard Niles and that little chess-monster Beckett insuring the pall of the evening, I lay in my bunk staring at a flat white tile right above me. It was, the flat white tile, nothing, perfected. I do not want to urge this analogue, Ma, having testified too redundantly. I know to the flat nullity of everything and almost everybody here already. But I found the answer right there, staring at the absence, the square, the sweet open atmosphere if you looked at it right. Tasting better than fresh cold milk. Here I'm making hay of the color, collapsing into poetry again, but I am exhilarated, forgive me. Perhaps I was not all traditionally in love yet, because I was thinking perfectly, and one isn't supposed to do that. I cave in, really, to old bald science, thanks, Ma. My air is the ozone of hot console wires.

After midnight I sneaked out to the boards. I never sneaked at anything before. The things that create a traitor are probably very simple, aren't they, Ma, despite all those massy, rooty espionage books nine hundred pages long we so adored?

Good, nobody was up, and I changed all the imaging along the line, six trailers east, nine right, so we seemed to have a breakdown of false targets. And they'd know it immediately. Then I corrected them quickly, but doubled the image on the Commander's bunker—an underground palace, really—so it would look hot and new and real. I knew he was at home, playing checkers and looking in the mirror for blemishes that might annoy Newton Lee.

Thirty minutes later they hit him with at least three huge ones direct. Right through the square nothing. Bunks fell down in our own place.

When the generator popped us back on, I looked down the hall to women's quarters, where the females were swarming and falling over one another. I waited and waited.

Then she came out at last, looking perfectly miserable like the innocent bystander she was, in a white slip, barefooted. She was anxious, with her hand to her mouth. Then there was an aisle in the bodies and she all at once beheld me, wretched me, renegade me, and she smiled, horror still on her face. ■

C R E D I T S

Fashion

On pages 86 and 87: All Armani Jeans clothing at Armani A/X, Exchange store, New York. *For information contact: Armani A/X Exchange, 114 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10011.*

On page 89: 2(x)ist leggings ($55) at Bergdorf Goodman, Charivari, and Amalgamated, New York. *For information contact: 2(x)ist, 130 West Twenty-fifth Street, New York, New York 10011.*

On page 90: Robert Mannino mock turtleneck ($36) and shorts ($40) at Charivari, Streetwise, Reva, and Macy's, New York; the Annex, Key West, Florida. *For information contact: Robert Mannino, 340 East Fifty-seventh Street, New York, New York 10022.*

On page 91: 2(x)ist T-shirt ($34) at Bergdorf Goodman and Amalgamated, New York. *For information contact: 2(x)ist, 130 West Twenty-fifth Street, New York, New York 10011.* Yukio Kobayashi for Matsuda shorts ($395) at Matsuda, New York. *For information contact: Matsuda, 136 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10011.*

On pages 92 and 93: Dolce & Gabbana T-shirt ($125) at Bagutta Soho and Charivari, New York, Dayton Hudson Minneapolis, Maxfield, Los Angeles, I. Magnin, San Francisco. *For information contact: Dolce & Gabbana, 89 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10003.* Yukio Kobayashi for Matsuda stirrup pants ($890) at Matsuda, New York. *For information contact: Matsuda, 136 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10011.*

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THE SPINDICATOR

A MONTHLY NEWSLETTER KEEPING YOU UP TO THE SECOND ON ALL CULTURAL AND SOCIAL FRONTS BY MICHAEL HIRSCHORN AND GUY MARTIN

HOLLYWOOD BIGS are not immune to U.S.A.'s new megatrend hate. With race-baiting, sexual harassment, and gay bashing all over the news, producers looking to cash in on **new hostility** with topical (and low-cost!) "reality-based" programming. ABC leads with *America's Most Stupid, Racist People,* and Fox promos *Fascists! with Maury Povich,* said to be **hipper and more youth-oriented.** Says one exec: "We consider it a form of censorship to pretend this venom thing's not out there." Playing catch-up, National Public Radio is hoping for "frank and open dialogue" on *Bum,* in which intellectuals and media personalities—including Leonard Jeffries, Daryl Gates, John Simon, Alan Simpson, and Nina Totenberg—get to **rehash old slights** and insult each other on air.

Hostile Esky

[BIG PICTURE NEWS]

Pol Pot's return to prominence in Cambodian peace process and recently circulated strategy memo, which outlines Khmer Rouge plans to regain power through "an image-building public relations campaign," has really stoked the competition among image consultants. They're spending big bucks to win the rights to **"rehabilitate" the genocidal former leader.** Ideas being tossed Pot's way: Roger Ailes proposes video press release showing him with inner-city children, and Alan Dershowitz pushes open letter campaign charging that Pol Pot's reputation in the U.S.A. as a sadistic maniac is "anti-Southeast Asia bias, pure and simple." Other fallout: One PR manager confides, "Everyone's **cold-calling Mengistu and Amin.** They're both hurting *right now* and are widely misunderstood men."

On the lighter side: The homeless are box-office gold. That's the message filmmakers are heeding after last fall's *Fisher King* and Xmas weeper *Grand Canyon* both successfully feature street people with telekinetic powers. **"Guilt is very big,"** says one exec, "but we've got to find a way to keep it sexy." One Christina Applegate vehicle in the works looks certain to top $100 million: *Married with Children* vixen will star as a **busty former insane-asylum inmate** who is found living in a dumpster by a rich but emotionally unfulfilled Hollywood producer. Applegate turns out to be the world's foremost authority on Kleinian psychology. **Richard Harris** costars.

Christina Applegate alfresco

Kudos to Time magazine for its new **Forward Spin** section. Welcome to the ever-growing trend-prognostication industry! A word to the wise: Don't be lazy. Any account exec can string together a few news clippings and give it a marketable name (cf. "byperbunkering"). Look into your souls and plumb the hearts of your fellow Americans. We look forward to tipping a few Absolut Peppars with you guys at **SpinWeek '92** in Boca.

[CONSUME, CONSUME, CONSUME!]

Our regular Lifestyle-Enhancing Personal Shopper for the trendspotter with disposable income

Archer Daniels Midland's latest contribution to the fast-food burger wars is both a recession- and weight-buster! The **lip-smacking soy-paste-and-fish-byproduct "Go Burger"** costs 2.7 cents a unit wholesale and is set to sell out at new Where's the Beef? outlets nationwide for a wallet-friendly 19 cents. Look out McLean Deluxe and Taco Supreme! Says a food-industry veteran: "Once people get over the fact that burger, bun, cheese, lettuce, tomato, *and* pickle are all made out of reconstituted monkfish, we think it will become America's number one **low-fat artificial fast-food choice.**" It

The Spin Doctor Is "In"

WE ANSWER *your sticky trend questions in a quick, easy-to-understand Q&A format.*

DEAR DR. SPIN: Now that **Keanu Reeves** and **River Phoenix** have sucked face on-screen, is it okay to leave your girl at the mall and go make out with your best buddy? —MR. CONFUSED

Dear Mr. Confused: By all means! Homosexuality, though taboo for hundreds of years, is as old as civilization itself.

DEAR DR. SPIN: The other day, President Bush said, "I **want to be positioned** in that I could not possibly support David Duke because of the racism and because of the **bigotry and all that.**" How can I work "positioning" into my '92 reelection campaign? —MR. SMALL TIME POL

Dear Mr. Pol: Use "positioning" to gain breathing space on difficult race, sex, and human-rights issues—an excellent way to convey concern and sensitivity while not alienating your core constituency.


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